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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

Woman and her Master. By Lady Morgan. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1840. Colburn.

SUCH is the title of Lady Morgan's new work, or rather the first half of it, for other two volumes are promised as a sequel. "The Master and his Woman," she quotes Blackstone in her epigraph as being synonymous, but, in reality, the Man and his Mistress might have been the name with quite as much applicability to the contents. The book itself is a clever and smartly written review of the condition of the female in relation to the male sex, as far as histories have recorded the circumstances; and, starting with the creation, treats of their estate among uncivilised barbarians, the people of eastern countries, the Hebrews, the Grecians, and the Romans. The conclusion of all is thus given:—

"In the fourth century (the grave of the old world and the cradle of the new) the story of the women of antiquity draws to its conclusion, and makes way for the greater history of the women of the middle ages. Throughout the long and varied series of events so rapidly sketched in these pages, the evidence to character in behalf of woman is uniform. That she has reflected many of the vices of her master, through outraged feelings and the influence of a false position, is no derogation from the general truth. This was but the accident of her career; her spiritual and affectionate nature in humanising society, in averting evil, and promoting good, was the immediate law of her peculiar organisation, and constant as its cause. To limit and pervert this agency has been the great object of the social and legal institutions of imperfect civilisation; to give a full development to the design of Nature, by better arrangements, will be the crowning labour of man's earthly warfare, his triumph over himself."

The means, we presume, are to be pointed out in the next two volumes, where all these *a posteriori* statements and views are to be brought to bear on the grand desideratum of raising women in the scale of polity and humanity.

At present it is not very clear to us, from Lady Morgan's lucubrations, what it is they want. It seems rather to be a complaint against the ways by which they attain their influence and power in social life, than an assertion that they do not possess both. But they must not (it would appear) accomplish their ends, or the ends of their being, through the good feelings, the passions, the sympathies of men,—through filial reverence, brotherly affection, the fathers' fondness, and the husbands' love. No, they must be exalted and placed on some imaginary equality, by some fantastic cultivation of intellect, some gymnastics of the mind, which, like those for the body, are to strengthen its weakness and develop its forces. The whole history in these volumes is an argument against the theories they maintain; for from Semiramis and Cleopatra, Sarah, Rachel, Deborah, Bathsheba, and the Queen of Sheba, to Cornelia, Portia, Zenobia, Constantia, and Helena, we see nothing but women most distinguished, most elevated, most potential, the rulers of man

and of the world; not to speak of the worshipped in every clime as goddesses, with divine attributes and rites. To such proofs of their actual degradation, their ardent advocate adds others of their possession of superior natures, though she humbly professes that "nothing more is arrogated for the female than is admitted by all writers on physiology; a greater mobility of fibre, dependent on the softer constitution of her structure,—a more rapid and delicate sensibility, and a wider range of sympathies, corresponding in variety and in intensity with the exalted vital character of the general organisation."

It is, however, allowed also, that a "careful examination will show that the intellectual, like the bodily peculiarities of sex, are complimentary, and that, in respect to these also, the dependence of each sex on the other is mutual. There are occasions in life in which the promptitude of female apprehension is in especial request; there are others in which the slower and more syllogistic reaction of the male is preferable. The prevailing habit, also, of forethought, and the consequent postponement of present to future objects, arising out of the maternal feelings, forms a decided contrast to the more impetuous and self-willed indulgence in impulse, peculiar to man, and is calculated to act beneficially on the destinies of the species. The perfection of human reason and of human action, it is therefore assumed, is a middle term, resulting from a just development and mutual influence of the two sexes; and wherever either the agency of the one or the other is misdirected or rejected, civilisation must necessarily suffer. By placing in prominent relief the differences which distinguish the attributes of the sexes, and keeping out of sight what is common to both, it is not difficult to draw a fanciful line between their respective duties and destinies in society; and this is what the world has hitherto done to the disadvantage of woman. Mary Wolstoncraft, and some others, by reversing the process, have arrived at an opposite conclusion, equally false, if not equally injurious. It is, however, an undeniable truth, that there is a common nature, a common humanity in the male and female, much more influential than any differences assignable to the respective organisations: both sexes are, in the aggregate, organisations, built upon a common principle, and governed by common laws. For the far greater part, they are moved by common desires, and subjected to common necessities. Their rights in all these respects are therefore equal; their claims to protection before the law, for property and person, equal; their claims to a full development of their intelligence, by education (each according to its own faculties), equal. The author of these volumes, in advocating the cause of women, has no desire of 'railing the seal off the bond' of nature, and remoulding both sexes into one androgynous political identity. Still less does she see the emancipation of woman in any exemption from that holiest law of nature, which has been justly ranked as forming, with property, the two great foundations of society. On the contrary, she holds the sacro-sanctity of wedlock to be the only possible foundation

for common justice to the 'weaker sex,' and for rational happiness and security to 'the stronger.'"

The rationality of these remarks, however questionable, partially or in degree, would prevent us, were we otherwise inclined, from broaching the interminable argument about sexual equalities. In our opinion, Nature has settled the main points, and all the rest are accidental trifles,—leather and pruella. If we look around us in our own country, we see nothing which women have a right to lament as grievances. God knows there is too much of toil and suffering for both sexes; but surely men have their full share of the evil as women have of the good. By the low, debased, and brutal, they may be maltreated and oppressed, but in such cases the wronged are of the same quality with their tyrants, and these tyrants are almost universally creatures whose lives are unvisited by enjoyments. Among the better classes the condition of woman in England is less hardened and more fortunate than that of man, upon whom all the charge of provision rests, and whose paramount object is to protect and cherish the sex, which, from physical causes, is less fit to struggle with the vicissitudes of worldly enterprise. Cannot woman be satisfied with the knowledge how inexpressibly dear she is to all who deserve the name of man, and submit to some slight reliance, we will not say dependence, on his loving cares? Cannot she be contented with her lot, and happy with an ideal sameness, which is alike forbidden by the constitution of her frame and by Nature? Lady Morgan's version of the creation is a whimsical example of the ingenious sophistry by which an opposite hypothesis may be bolstered up.

"The Mosiac history (*she says*) of the creation assigns to the East the first scene of human existence, and places the first pair, created in perfect equality, in a paradise, which

'Of God the garden was,
By him in the east of Eden planted.'

'For God created man in his own image, male and female created he him,' 'to be a mate and a help to each other.' To the male, to Adam, it appears, was assigned a first task of corporeal performance; for 'he was put into the garden to dress and keep it.' To the female, Eve, was permitted the first exercise of mind, in the call made on her intellect by one who (whether considered as a 'fallen spirit, second only to the first,' or as a 'creature more subtle than any beast of the field, which the Lord had made,') sought to influence human action by intellectual means, though for evil purposes. The selection of the female for the experiment of a superhuman sophistry indicated on her part a difficulty rather than a facility to be won over; and the reward offered, for risking the awful penalty of death 'by disobedience,' was no less than that 'she should be as are the gods, knowing good from evil!' The woman ('seeing that the tree was to be desired, to make one wise,') took the fruit accordingly thereof and did eat.' The man only followed the example of the woman; and 'The woman thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree and I did eat,' was the

weak and reproachful answer of Adam to the interrogation of his Creator. The crime was common, but the motive was peculiar to the woman. The penalty, too, of disobedience to both was death; but a sublime and prophetic distinction was made in favour of the future 'mother of all living,' of whom was to proceed one who should 'swallow up death in victory,' &c. The temporal punishments inflicted on Eve were marked by an intellectual pre-eminence in suffering—Adam's, by personal degradation: to Adam was assigned the task of physical labour; 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground from whence thou wert taken; for out of it was thou taken, for dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return.' A humiliating vocation—a humiliating reminiscence, both spared as denunciations to Eve. Her retribution, on the contrary, was founded on the affections and on the mind—'sorrow,' that was to be 'multiplied,' and 'pain' (corporeal, indeed, in the first instance), but connected with grief and anxieties still more harassing. Her desire, also, was decreed to be 'to her husband' (that devotedness, the attribute of her peculiar and finer organisation); and her 'submission' to his 'rule' was the penalty of her sensibility, no less than the token of physical inferiority. In this sacred history of the origin of the species, whether viewed through the interpretations of faith, or the glosses of philosophy—as a literal fact, or a prophetic parable—as a tradition beyond all contemporary record, or as an image of the astronomical aspect of the heavens—there is a strict accordance with the great dogma of the East, that woman was a creature of high intellectual aspirations: and every subsequent epoch in sacred history produces evidences of her spiritual agency and mental energies, in carrying on the great moral economy of the creation."

We cannot tell where, in this extract, her ladyship gets the "perfect equality" of Adam and Eve, and then discovers that to him *alone* was assigned the corporeal task to dress and keep the garden, whilst his rib, like a modern fine lady, was to sit in her bower "a doing of nothing," though specially appointed to be "a mate and a help" to him. Or, again, to boast of Eve's having, as the stockbrokers phrase it, the "first call made on her intellect;" and, for this very sufficient reason, that the most subtle of all devils paid her the compliment of supposing that she would be more "difficult" to deceive than her male partner! Pity 't was that, notwithstanding this absence of "a facility to be won over," his flattery and glozing prevailed, and our common mother took the fruit, with this amiable apology of Lady Morgan's, that she would not have tasted a bit of it if she had not thought it would "make one (i. e. herself) wise." Though she was the first, she certainly is by no means the last woman who, by longing for what they call wisdom, are likely to bring misery on themselves and others. Adam's handsome and gentlemanly sacrifice of himself to the woman of his heart is very ungalantly termed "weak and reproachful,"—it has always struck us as being the noblest example of devotedness to the sex which his sons, for thousands of generations, should set before their eyes for imitation. With the concluding paragraph we shall not meddle: like the opening of the work, it is grandiloquent and mysterious; and to us (with only coarse male organisation) rather unintelligible.

As we have alluded to the poem, we may adduce a sample of its sounding phraseology:—

"The chronicles of six thousand years, the records of the known world, lie open for the benefit and the wonder of mankind, preserving, in pages indited by the lights of their respective times, monuments of the ignorance, the timidity, and the credulity of successive generations. From the earliest aggregations of society, man, in his shallow pride, has laboured to perpetuate the memory of his own imperfection, the story of his selfishness and his errors; and the annals which he has bequeathed from age to age, for the benefit of posterity, are but evidences of the long and painful struggles by which the human species, on isolated points, and for periods brief and remote, have succeeded in partially escaping from physical evil, and from moral darkness. It is thus the artless illuminations of antique missals, in preserving the rude outlines of the dark originals they were meant to honour, perpetuate, also, in vivid tints, that expression of feebleness and suffering which is the inseparable characteristic of suspicious and unaccommodated ignorance in all ages. It was not till the close of a long and unmitigated reign of barbarism, even in regions most favourable to intellectual culture, that mind began at last to assume some supremacy over brute force; but, from its first inroad of inquiry upon the density of ignorance and prejudice, it has proceeded steadily onward in its high career, unsubdued by penalties and persecutions, undaunted by calumnies and contempt. Neglected, when not discouraged, often repelled, and occasionally crushed, amidst the conflicts of races, and the fall of empires, science has reeled only to advance; multiplying the blessings of physical existence to the species, and 'purging the general weal' by its extorted truths."

How, with all this, and much more confessed, the author can write a book to shew that, while all else has "progressed," woman has been left behind by improvement and science "at the very starting post of civilisation," is a paradox we cannot comprehend, and we are, therefore, compelled to postpone our understanding of the argument till the work is happily finished; which, from the talent displayed in it as an historical retrospect, we trust it may speedily be, notwithstanding the defective vision of which, we regret to see, the author has reason to speak in sorrowing language.

The Book of Archery. By George Agar Hansard, Gwent Bowman, author of "Trout and Salmon Fishing in Wales." 8vo. pp. 456. London, 1840. Longman and Co.

THIS is a very pretty book, and a very pleasant book,—pretty to look at, pleasant to read. Fifteen engravings, after F. P. Stephanoff, afford historical and poetical illustrations of the subject of a very interesting character; and a series of etchings by W. H. Brooke, presenting a hundred most spirited figures employed in archery, battle-pieces, &c. &c. &c., is in itself almost a universal representation of the art, its instruments, its modes of use, and powerful effects.

The letterpress is of the true gossiping and miscellaneous character, which best relieves antiquarian research and the digging into old authors for all the information which an inquiry spread over the face of the globe is sure to elicit. Old England, Wales, Scotland, France, America, Persia, Parthia, Rome, Greece, north, west, south, and east—in short, all times and all lands contribute something to the annals of archery; and, in travelling over

these, our author has contrived to bring together a mass of curious and entertaining matter, which even those who never bent a bow or flew an arrow may peruse, and find in it very delectable pastime. For ourselves, we will merely select a few unconnected extracts, which may serve as examples of the general substance; and we begin with a striking account of a Caribbee affair, in which archery cuts a prominent figure:—

"The Rev. Thomas Davies, of Llanelly, in South Wales, about the year 1606, wrote an amusing account of the Caribbees. He thus explains, by reference to archery, an extraordinary receding of the forehead observable in the male inhabitants of that race. 'As soon,' says he, 'as the children are born, the mothers make their foreheads flat, and press them so, that there is a descent backwards; for, besides that this form is accounted one of the principal pieces of beauty amongst them, they affirm it facilitates their shooting up to the top of a tree, standing at the foot, whereto they are extremely expert, as being brought up to it from their childhood. At a hundred paces, they will hardly fail striking a half-crown piece. Among every celebrated nation of archers a fondness for the bow has been imbibed, as it were, with the mother's milk; and the little rogues readily exercise themselves in shooting from the moment they are able to clutch a bow and arrows.'

And the author adds in a note:—

"Caribbee Indians of the present day excel in shooting, and use a very tall bow, with arrows little inferior in length. I possess many of both, and well remember a captain of a vessel who visited one of their villages, and was so delighted with his reception, that he accompanied them into the woods, on their favourite expedition of shooting monkeys, which they strike with fatal certainty from the tallest trees by a perpendicular shot. On bidding adieu to his hospitable, kind-hearted entertainers, one of the white men imprudently took more notice of a young Indian girl than was agreeable to Indian notions of propriety. All instantly retired, leaving him and his party alone; upon which his knowledge of the habits of these savages induced him to warn them that instant flight could alone preserve them from 'being treated as they had seen the monkeys.' Already had they got about eighty paces, and were just about to turn an angle of rock which would have effectually screened them from every kind of missile, when the captain was observed to spring some four feet from the ground, and, with a groan, fall dead upon the sands, with one arrow sticking in his head, and another between his shoulders, which had come out at his breast. No pursuit was attempted; the outraged Caribs having been to all appearance appeased by this sacrifice of the offending Englishman. The fate of a number of his countrymen, who attempted to settle among these Indians about two centuries and a half since, also furnishes us with a very lively description of the terrors of their archery. 'Then came the arrows so thick out of the wood,' says one of the survivors, 'that we could not get our match in' (they were armed with matchlocks) 'for pulling them out of our bodies; so, amongst the band, there were but five or six pieces discharged, which, when the Indians saw give fire, they did fall flat on the ground, shouting and crying with a most hellish noise, naming us by our names when their arrows pierced us. So, when they saw we could not hit them with our pieces, they would come so near us as though they purposed to

make choice in what place to hit us. Some they shot in the faces, others through the shoulders, and of others they would nail the feet and the ground together. Master Budge and Robert Shaw ran both into the sea, and were there drowned or killed with arrows. Master Finch had a little buckler, with which he did save himself a long time; but at the last an arrow passed through both legs, that he could not go, and, stooping to pull it out, they killed him; and if any of us offered to run at one or two savages, straightway they fled a little distance, but suddenly twenty or thirty would enclose us, and still shooting arrows into them until they were down, with a great Brazil sword they beat them to death. Master Kettleby did behave himself very gallantly, for he did not respect what arrows he received in his body, so he could reach one stroke at a Caribbee; but they were too nimble for us, in regard they were naked. Yet, nevertheless, we ran through them all, thinking, if we could escape that ambush, there had been no more to trouble us; but as I was pulling arrows out of his body, to the number of twenty at the least, a third ambush burst out of the woods, from whence came an arrow and hit him in the breast, which he perceived would be his death, for he could not stand but as I held him; and I was forced to let him go and shift for myself. Then I overtook young St. John, his body almost full of arrows, of which I pulled out a number; but what for the blood that ran from him, and the extreme heat he was in from his flight, he failed to overtake the rest of our company that was before. And still the Caribbees did gather ground upon us, and arrows came thick on every side. And then the poor youth willed me to treat his men to stay; and so, having overtaken one, I caused him to stay, which he was not willing to do; for he told me his sword would not come forth of the scabbard, so I took hold of the hilt, and betwixt us both pulled it out: but before we had made an end, these cruel and bloody Caribbees had encompassed young St. John; yet to my grief I did stand and behold his end, who, before he fell, did make them give back like so many curs from a lion, for which way soever he ran they all fled before him. His body was so loaded with arrows that he fell to the ground; and upon one hand and knee he did keep them from him with his sword, so much he scorned basely to die at their hands. Myself and the man whose sword I had helped to set free, were now the only marks they aimed at; for having rifled young St. John, they pursued very hotly, which caused us to make haste to four of our fellows, who were entered into a narrow path leading through the woods from the sands, to the houses where we dwelt. But there was in the path another ambush, which drove us back to the sands; and when they saw us so hardly chased they entered the path with us again. On one side thereof was a high mountain, the other went down a low valley. The first four of our friends took up the mountain, by which means they offered too fair a mark for them to hit, who dropped down one after another. All this time neither Harry, Peter Stokesley's man (a merchant now in Bucklersbury), nor myself, was shot, but as we thought desperately to burst through them into the narrow path, there came an arrow and pierced quite through his head, of which he fell suddenly, and I ran to lift him up, but he was dead, without speaking one word to me at all. Then came there two arrows and hit me in the back, the

one directly against my heart the other through my shoulder-blade; so sword in hand ran I upon them desperately, thinking before I had died to have been the death of some of them: and in my running I saw Captain Anthony, with an arrow in his bow drawn against me, who stood until I came very near him, for he purposed to have sped me with that shot, which, when I espied coming, I thought to have put it by with my sword, but, lightening upon my hand, it passed through the handle of my weapon, and nailed both together. Nevertheless I continued running at him still, and before he could knock another, made him and all the rest turn their backs and flee unto the sands again; which opportunity when I espied I leaped into the wood, down to the valley, where I found a salt lake; and hearing them with loud shouts and cry, which they use in sign of triumph and victory, pursue me still, I leaped into the water, with my sword nailed to my hand, and two arrows in my back, and, by the help of God, swam over, but with much ado, for the further side was shallow, and I waded in mud up to the waist, which had almost spent me.—*Another Class of Indian News; or, a True and Tragical Discourse, shewing the lamentable Miseries endured by Sixty-seven Englishmen, &c. By John Nichol, one of the aforesaid Company. A.D. 1608.*

This butchery may be contrasted with a more harmless story:—

“A school of cross-bowmen,” engaged at their exercise in a beautiful green alley, with butts at either end, figures as the illumination of an old French MS., dated 1450, at present in the King’s Library. A marker attends, and is represented making one of the signs specified above. Two centuries ago they merely fixed a very diminutive *blanc* in the centre of the butt by a wooden peg, from which the marker measured to the arrow, before giving his signal. We have this custom plainly alluded to in the following rather ludicrous paragraph:—“Upon a time, being in the king’s pavilion, who was desirous of partaking some novelty, there instantly appeared upon the table a pair of butts and whites to shoot at, where suddenly came in six dapper pert fellows like archers, in stature not above a foot high, and all other members accordingly proportioned. Their bows were of the side-bones of an overgrown pike; their strings of a small sleazy silk, not bigger than the thread of a cobweb; their arrows less than picktooths, feathered with the wings of small flies, and headed with the points of fine Spanish needles. These gallants made a show as if they were to shoot a match, *three to three*, and roundly they went about it. In the middle of the game there was a shot that rested doubtful, which, as it appeared, the gamblers could not well decide. Then Merlin called one of the servants, who had a somewhat big nose, and bade him measure to the mark, and give it to the best. To which, when he stooped and inclined his face, the better to umpire the matter, one of the pigmy archers that had an arrow to shoot delivered it from his bow, and pierced him quite through the nose, at which he started, and the king heartily laughed; for there was no room to be seen, the butts and the archers having together disappeared.”

From among a multitude of anecdotes of the wonderful force of the arrow, we copy the following:—

“In one of their earliest skirmishes with the Apalaches, a Spanish general called Moscoso received an arrow in his right side, which pierced his buff jerkin and coat of mail, but

did not prove mortal, because it entered in a slanting direction. The officers of his staff, wondering that a piece of armour valued at more than 150 ducats should be unable to resist a reed arrow headed merely with a sharp flint, resolved to prove the temper of their own, in order to ascertain how far they might be depended on. Whilst, therefore, they were quartered in the town of Apalachia, several who wore that species of defence procured a wicker basket, very strong and closely woven, and hung around it a coat of mail which was judged to be about the heaviest and most impregnable in the whole army. Then ordering a youthful Indian captive to be introduced, they promised him freedom in case he pierced the mark at the distance of 150 paces. Immediately the barbarian clenched his fists, shook himself violently, and contracted and extended his arms as if to awaken all his force; then stringing a bow which had been previously delivered to him, he elevated it at the mark, and loosing his arrow, it drove through both armour and basket, and came out at the opposite side with violence sufficient to have slain a man. The Spaniards, finding a single piece of armour was ineffectual to resist the arrow, threw a second upon the basket, and ordered the Indian to repeat his shot; when he immediately pierced that likewise. Nevertheless, as the shaft did not pass entirely through, but remained sticking half in front and half behind, because, as the barbarian asserted, he had failed this time to put forth his utmost strength, he begged to be allowed to shoot a third time, on condition that if he failed to drive the arrow through and through, he should immediately suffer death. The Spaniards, satisfied with what they had already witnessed, refused to comply with his request, but ever afterwards held their coats of mail in little esteem, and contemptuously styled them ‘Dutch Holland.’”

We reserve a few further illustrations.

Medical Etiquette; or, an Essay upon the Laws and Regulations which ought to govern the Conduct of Members of the Medical Profession in their Relation to each other. Compiled exclusively for the Profession. By Abraham Banks, Esq. 12mo. pp. 104. London, 1840. Fox.

ETIQUETTE is so nice a thing, that we cannot allow any branch of it to be expounded “exclusively” for any profession. Why should parsons or lawyers (some of the latter even called *Civil*) seem rude and uncultivated when compared with genteel doctors and polite apothecaries? As guardians and guides to the public, in all matters of paramount importance, we cannot assent to it; and, therefore, we must notice the book of Mr. Abraham Banks, member of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c.; or “better expressed thus:—M.R.C.S.L.; L.A.C.L.; *Sheils, &c. &c. &c.*”

Mr. Banks is an author after our own heart. His title-page promises entertainment, and his dedication to Dr. Roots keeps up the promise: never were such banks and roots seen together. For what says the former of the latter, as he appears to uphold and nourish him, and spread his ramifications far and near?—he is a man “whose enlarged views of liberality are as far removed from that vain and ostentatious display which daily disgraces our public journals, as the pure atmosphere of the celestial regions above us is from the foul air which inhabits the subterranean caves beneath us.”

After a dedication, in due course of things, there comes a preface; and our author is a

tickler. He tells us therein, to whom his treatise is not addressed; and yet these are the very people by whom we should have thought his precepts most wanted. Mr. Banks is of a different opinion and declares—

"In the first place, it is not addressed to him,* who from accident, or any other cause, having been called in to attend another man's patient, endeavours by every mean and underhand insinuation to wrest that patient from the original attendant; nor is it addressed to him who may have been sent for, whilst another was in attendance, and taking advantage of the absence of that other, after much apparently skilful examination, and many inquiries to no purpose whatever, casts up his eyes to heaven, and, with that mysterious waving to and fro of the hands, and that significant medical 'hum,' exclaims, agast in wonder and amaze, 'What a pity you had not sent for me before—if I had only been called in *six hours* sooner—but it is now too late, it has gone too far;'—nor to him, who under similar circumstances, on being shewn the medicine which had been prescribed, so natural to the friends of the patient, examines the devoted bottle with wonderful sagacity, and after due smelling, and sniffing, and tasting, and various other mountebank operations, dooms the unconscious deadly potion, consisting perhaps of a little saline mixture, to the awful punishment of ejection from the window; nor is it addressed to him, who resolves to build up a reputation for fame at any price, who depends more for success upon detraction, and sapping the reputation of others, than on any intrinsic merit of his own.

But, to aim at higher game, it is not addressed to him, who takes advantage of having once been summoned to a family, to call again unasked, and by sundry intimations endeavours to lower the estimation in which the regular attendant is held, and thereby pave the way for his own admission; to call such conduct unprofessional and dishonest, is not rendering it full justice; it is base and unmanly in the extreme; it is assassination in the dark—the resort of the coward. The man who gives his adversary due notice of attack, and thus enables him to withstand the shock of his charge, who openly declares him to be an ignorant blockhead, and unfit to practise his profession, is a noble and honest character compared with this other. Nor, lastly, is it addressed to the man who carries his profession upon his back wherever he goes, who never loses an opportunity of instilling into the minds of all those who have the misfortune to pass before him, that he is the incomparable; that if a person really wishes to be cured, to him they must go; that of all the professors of medicine he is, emphatically, *the professor*—the nonsuch of the profession; or, to him who seizes the opportunity, when the family are present, of reprimanding a young practitioner for alleged indiscretion, for the malicious purpose of injuring his reputation, or who expatiates in his absence on the advantages of employing a physician exclusively, who understands disease and infirmities better, and who, when unhampered by a general practitioner, orders little or no medicine: for such men there are, to their shame be it said, amongst the leading physicians of the day."

"Can such things be

Without our 'special wonder'?"

They "must be," for Mr. Banks is a witness that they are. Thus, in his recondite chapter on the "*Affection of Mystery*," he states,—

"All the imperfections of character alluded to are unfortunately taken from living practitioners."

"The habit which some medical men have of assuming an air of mystery, and using technical terms in the presence of their patients, is, we submit with all deference, very unbecoming, and quite unworthy of so high an occupation; and though it may sometimes give an impression of great learning and talent, yet it must often excite ridicule and contempt. We have heard physicians use such words as '*secundum artem*, *ad deliquium*, *toastum boostum*,' &c. &c., when talking to a general practitioner before others; such can only impose upon the ignorant."

We are not quite so sure of this. *Toastum boostum* are strong words, and we have seen the wizard at the Strand Theatre perform very extraordinary feats with less powerful conjuration. Yet Mr. Banks adds:—

"When any person unnecessarily uses technical terms in the presence of others, who may not be supposed to understand them, we regard it as a direct insult to those persons; it is, in fact, laughing at them. Closely allied to this habit, is that of clothing medicinal preparations in false colours, such as mixing rose pink with linseed meal, vermillion with Epsom salts, burnt sugar with Goulard water, &c. &c. We know that strong excuses may be pleaded in extenuation; but we may be permitted to deplore that constitution of society, which renders such conduct almost necessary; we believe it to be perfectly incompatible with an ardent love of truth, and a glowing admiration of rectitude."

Perhaps this corollary is just; and however excusable, we cannot think it consistent with a glowing admiration of rectitude to administer vermillion and rose pink to the pale and wan patient as colourable means for improving their complexions.

But there are other secrets worth knowing connected with physic and physicking. Being called out of church, and galloping horses till they are all in a lather of sweat and foam, are obsolete tricks, exploded by the lowest practitioners. They "have given way to other arts equally reprehensible, though of a more refined character, and not quite so obvious to public perception; such as singing very loudly over and above all the rest of the congregation, taking a conspicuous pew, and sometimes mounting on a hassock, in order to be well seen; giving the responses in very audible language, so as to excite the observation, 'Who is that pious gentleman?' making himself very officious, particularly in the charitable department, so far as the collecting goes, more especially if there is any chance of filling a medical appointment. A petition for a charity forms an excellent plea for calling on the wealthy, and putting in a good word for number One—the more so, if nobody else will do it; bowing to every one he meets, though, perhaps, he has never seen the person before; assuming a very religious tone, according to the character he has to deal with; as, 'Well, ma'am, we have maturely considered your dear little girl, and ordered such and such medicine, which, by the blessing of God, we hope will have the desired effect.' all this hypocritical cant, if it be not criminal, is truly disgusting. Another recent manoeuvre, which is sometimes practised, is putting up counterfeit medicines, and letting them lie about the counter in the surgery or shop, so as to give a false impression of business; talking largely, and contriving, if any excuse can possibly be obtained for so doing, to introduce the name of some nobleman or baronet into all his discourse, chiefly before stragglers. We have witnessed instances where

some unfortunate peer, who may have accidentally got his name upon an apothecary's books, has had that name mangled most unmercifully, as, 'John, has my Lord Such-a-one had his medicine?—be good enough to send that medicine to his lordship directly; I will attend to you, sir, as soon as I have ordered something for my Lord —,' &c. We remember hearing of a man who could not open his mouth without letting people know that he kept a horse and chaise; a bet was made upon the strength of this, that he could not answer the simplest question without introducing these essentials of his establishment. The question put was direct enough; he was asked what o'clock it was? and answered, 'When I, with my wife, passed the Horse Guards this morning in my horse and shay, it wanted,' &c. Some adopt the plan of sending medicine to the wrong houses, pretending it to be a mistake, in order to have a plea for calling to give an explanation, and so make themselves known. Others have a way of putting on their cards all the honourable distinctions which they possess, or have possessed, as surgeon to some back-garret institution, which nobody but themselves ever heard of. The most unimportant situation has afforded an excuse for adding three or four capital letters to the name: thus we see all the letters of the alphabet have been tortured to fit some office; so that it is oftentimes as difficult to tell what G.U.L., or F.O.P. mean, as to decipher some of the ancient inscriptions. Keeping patients waiting longer than necessary is any thing but humane: writing up *Advice Gratis* is a mere claptrap, to make people suppose that some advantage is to be gained there which is not at any other apothecary's."

Out of all these recipes, surely even a quack should be able to get into good practice. Mr. Banks is up to them all; and we hope he will see his way. The affectation of religion which he so justly condemns does not, we observe, extend to morality,—for he says:—

"We would now appeal, with all that solemnity which the importance of the thing demands, whether the members of the medical profession would not do well to take under their protecting care the glimmering embers of morality; for if they do not, who shall? Should the Law make the attempt, it would be like nursing a serpent at her very bosom; for moral law and statute law are at total variance: the one of a high, noble, refined, and elevating character; the other of a low, mean, grovelling, and outreaching nature, the demoralising tendency of which is but too apparent in the majority of its professors. The Church! But when has Sectarianism shewn herself favourable to the development of mind? When has she proved herself capable of taking those large and extended views of human nature, which comprehend the whole race? Church history has hitherto been little else than one continued series of oppressions, of prejudices, of tyrannies, of usurpations of the blackest description. We fear that the mild and delicate plant of morality would wither under the protection of Sectarianism, which, however admirably adapted for sowing the seeds of dissension in families, and fanning the flame of civil discord, is wholly unfitted for this nobler function. The Educator! the natural ally of morality, to whom society would look as to a parent for assistance—but what has he as yet done, but train some for oppression, some to oppress? From the contemptible remuneration, and the low estimation, or rather the suspicious aversion, with which he is generally viewed, his profession

has become merely the refuge of the mean-spirited and the destitute, where vanity, jealousy, and dogmatism, are the prevailing passions. Alas! thou poor Morality! If thou art deserted, and forsaken by the only men capable of throwing a shield of protection around thee, and infusing new vigour into thy spirit, the members of the medical profession, what hope hast thou? Nay; despair, and die!"

Heaven forbid! Get Morality into the Pharmacopœia, and it will be safe enough: call a consultation of doctors upon it, and they will prescribe for and cure it were it ten times more sick than it is. Mr. Banks holds, that a physician may form an alliance, *argent comptant*, with a chemist, though not with an apothecary; and he is sadly opposed to all medical charitable institutions and dispensaries. And, after all, what is medical skill? "When (says our author) a highly fortunate practitioner of this town was asked to what he considered he was most indebted in his professional career, he replied, to his attention; because not one patient out of twelve could judge of his skill, but all could judge of his attention; and if they received this, they would give credit for the skill. An anecdote bearing upon this point was related to the writer a short time since: an elderly lady, residing a short distance from town, was attended by a gentleman of some standing in her neighbourhood, but who had never thoroughly had her confidence, and one day entirely lost it by the following ill-timed remark. His carriage was standing at the door, which was near a turnpike, and whilst he was apparently feeling the old lady's pulse with much attention, he was fumbling in his pocket with the other hand, and then suddenly exclaimed, 'How stupid I am, for I have forgotten the half-pence for the gate!' She sent for a friend of the writer soon afterwards, and told him she should never think of employing Mr. — again, as she was certain that he was thinking much more of his own purse than her pulse: a remonstrance against this idea was in vain, and from that period the gentleman lost a good patient."

He would remember the toll better next time: and there are other small matters not undeserving of consideration:—

"There are a great many trifling questions, about which there seems to be no general understanding, and it is to be hoped there never will, as they are quite unworthy of notice. It may, perhaps, be as well to allude to two or three, just to illustrate our meaning; such as, whether prescriptions should be written in English, Latin, Greek, or double Dutch? Whether it be lawful for one practitioner to decipher the prescription of another? Whether medical men should dress in black, or brown; wear kid, or Berlin gloves; eat peas, or beans, or go without if they cannot get either? Whether physicians should refuse their fees, if they are not wrapt up in writing-paper, and sealed with fancy wax, and put into the right hand? Some persons have a very coarse method of paying a professional man, bouncing a sovereign down upon the table, making it ring in his ears—but this only proves it to be good, which we submit with all deference is an important thing to know in taking a sovereign; and the sound of money gives a pleasurable sensation to some people, although it be the sound of the parting knell. Others will pay a bill in silver, which, though it may be rather cumbersome, yet, in the absence of gold, we presume will be found very useful. Whether practitioners on entering a

house should put the right or the left foot first? Whether they should wear gold watch-chains, or simply ribands? Whether they should dine at two o'clock, or ten in the evening? Whether it is etiquette to attend their own wives, or not? All these things, of course, are matters of taste and feeling. Whether a physician may bleed, or even carry a lancet, or prescribe in any surgical case, or whether a *pure* surgeon may prescribe in any medical case? It appears to us a most outrageous piece of tyranny that a physician should not be allowed to bleed, or any thing else that he thinks proper; on the contrary, we think a man must make but a poor physician who is unable to bleed, and that he is bound in honour and conscience always to carry a lancet in his pocket."

Etiquette for Ecce!

Arundel; a Tale of the French Revolution. By Sir Francis Vincent, Bart. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1840. Saunders and Otley.

To the dreadful scenes of the French Revolution all sympathies are awake. Many of these, as well as the chief actors in them, are here interwoven with a fictitious narrative, in a skilful and pleasant manner. The hero and heroine are like all other heroes and heroines—models of beauty and virtue; scarcely more perfect, however, than those beside whom they are here placed—Marie Antoinette and the Princesse de Lamballe, in whose reality there was, indeed, more of deep tragical romance than in the most exaggerated portraits of the pen. Robespierre, Marat, Danton, Lafayette, Mirabeau, are, of course, prominent. We think part of an interview between some of these and the hero, Arundel, a fair specimen of the author's ability:—

"'And now,' said he, 'you are just come in time to pacify Marat, who has been threatening my young friend and myself with his denunciations.' 'What, Marat, are you there?' cried Danton; 'I declare I had quite overlooked your diminutive carcass; but what is the matter, man?—you look more yellow and bilious than usual.' 'Oh!' exclaimed Robespierre, 'there is not much the matter; he wanted to lay those dirty hands of his on Mr. Arundel's cravat, and he met with a repulse and a lecture, which he did not expect from one in my house.' 'Is that all?' said Danton; 'it served him right. Pah!' continued he, seizing Marat's unwilling hand in his gigantic fist, 'what a filthy hand it is!—why don't you wash them at least once a-week?' Marat saw it would not do to be angry where every body was inclined to take part with his adversary, and he thought it wisest to turn it off with a jest; but it was a jest of his own. 'Never mind the dirt,' said he; 'it is the hand of a good patriot; but if my hands must be washed, it shall not be with water. The ink of the *Ami du Peuple* can only be washed out by a bath of aristocratic blood, and I hope I shall not have long to wait for it.' Robespierre shrugged his shoulders at this speech. Panis and Hébert laughed, and Danton said:—'By G—, if it is to be of your own shedding, you will have to wait long enough. You are an admirable trumpeter to sound the onset, but when you have done that, you get to the rear as fast as you can. But come, never mind what I say, man,' seeing Marat's brow look blacker than ever. 'I wish you would leave your heroics, and confine yourself to common sense. All this vapouring and threatening does us more harm than good; three hundred thousand heads falling on the scaffold is a very pretty poetical idea, but nothing

more; and if you wish to see it realised you must hit hard, and not waste your time in talking. And it was principally to consider what we are to do, and how we can take advantage of the events of yesterday, which, properly managed, will turn entirely to our account, that I —' 'Stop, gentlemen,' cried Arundel; 'you seem to forget that you are about to deliberate in the presence of a total stranger, and one who has no wish to be initiated into your schemes and plans.' 'By heavens, that is true,' said Danton; 'but I concluded, naturally enough, that you were one of us.' 'No, I am not; and therefore I will, with your permission, take my leave. In two days I believe I shall be on my road to London; how long I shall stay there will depend upon circumstances; but I shall ever feel grateful for the consideration with which you have treated me.' This was said to Robespierre, who had followed him into the antechamber. 'Farewell, then, Mr. Arundel; I believe you are doing the wisest thing you can, for I am afraid you have made an irreconcilable enemy of Marat, and he is a very popular man. He is an excellent patriot, and a great friend of mine; but if he has a fault, it is, perhaps, that he carries the feeling of revenge to a blamable excess: we will, however, see what we can do to soften him during your absence.' 'I beg, sir,' replied Arundel, 'you will take no trouble about it. I despise him and his enmity too much to give myself another thought about either of them.'"

Kew and its Gardens. By Frederick Schœr, Esq. 12mo. pp. 69. 1840. London: Steill, Richmond: Darnill.

As we take more pains to be right than to be at the trouble of rebutting contradictions or mistakes relative to our statements, we did not think it worth our while to notice the variety of paragraphs, correspondence, &c., which appeared in the newspapers, subsequent to the effort of the *Literary Gazette* to protect Kew Gardens from spoliation. That effort was effectual; for it only required publicity and to call attention to the subject to put an end to the proposed destruction of these interesting grounds; and it need hardly be observed, that no Government could desire such an injury to be done, though in this, as in many other instances, every government is exposed to be misled by the representations of underlings, upon whose reports they must of necessity rely, and who have objects of their own to attain when they advise measures detrimental to the state.

"The botanical world (says our author) has been lately roused from the even tenour of its way by ominous rumours, threatening destruction to the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew. There is no doubt that intimation had been given to the Horticultural Society, and perhaps to others, of the existence of a desire to dispose of the plants, collected in the course of nearly a century in these gardens; and it has been said, that the expense annually incurred was too heavy to be borne any longer by the British nation. The

* Among the rest our honest and able friend, Mr. Loudon addressed a letter to 'The Times,' saying, 'In consequence of a passage quoted from the *Literary Gazette* in the 'Gardener's Magazine' for March, in which, among other things, it is stated, that the plants in the Botanic Garden at Kew may be had by whoever may apply for them, I have received a number of letters requesting to be informed in what manner the applications are to be made, or requesting me to apply for certain plants, &c. I believe the rumour that the plants are to be obtained on asking for is unfounded; or at all events, that I know nothing further of the intentions of Government than what is stated in the paragraph alluded to.' &c. &c. We did not, however, go a jot beyond the facts of the case.—*Ed. L. G.*

Council of the Horticultural Society, with a spirit highly honourable to themselves and to science, declined becoming a party to a proceeding so inauspicious to their pursuits; and we trust that no corporate body could be found in the United Kingdom capable of deviating from the dignified course of which those gentlemen have set the example. Amongst private individuals, however, parties less scrupulous might be found; and foreign governments would of a surety become eager competitors for the abstraction of botanical treasures, still of immense value, and connected with events of which Great Britain may be justly proud. It is this apprehension which has prompted us to call the attention of the public, more especially those interested in botanical pursuits, to the importance and bearing of the matter in question."

As we have said, the business is already done; but still we rejoice in our ally who has laid the history, merits, and details, of these Gardens more amply before the world in claiming protection for their treasures and encouragement for their further cultivation, in a manner becoming a country like England.

"The most ancient record which the indefatigable Lysons could find of Kew, was in a court roll of the manor of Richmond, in the reign of Henry VII.; it is there written Kayhough; subsequently, its name is varied to Kayhowe, Kayhoo, Keye, Kayo, and Kewe. It first became a parish by an act of parliament in 1769, having been till then a hamlet to Kingston. It is part of the manor and union of Richmond, the Hundred of Kingston, and the eastern division of the county of Surrey, and is in the diocese of Winchester and the deanery of Ewell. Its distance from Hyde Park Corner is six miles and a quarter. The soil is sandy, and remarkably porous and dry; and the small quantity of land not included in the Royal Gardens is, for the most part, used for growing asparagus, and other superior vegetables, for the London markets."

Kay-haugh is unquestionably the ancient name: haugh being a flat or level on the banks of a river. But leaving etymology, we adopt a passage or two touching the place itself.

"A catalogue of the plants was published in 1763, by Dr. Hill, under the name of 'Hortus Kewensis,' with a second edition in 1769. This was followed by Aiton's work under that title, in 1789, in three volumes octavo. It enumerates 1116 genera. The Earl of Bute, Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Solander, and Dryander, took all a lively interest in it, and at that time it ranked very high among botanical works. The opportunities for rendering it perfect were great; but the system which Mr. Aiton pursued bespeaks him to have been a man endowed with those qualities which facilitate the accomplishment of great enterprises. He associated himself in his arduous occupations with Dr. Pitcairn of Fulham, and Lee of Hammersmith. Whenever new seeds and plants arrived at Kew, they were divided into equal shares amongst these three cultivators. Each pursued his own way of propagation or growth, and by an honourable and delightful competition those losses and failures were avoided which attend a less liberal plan—that of retaining what is new and rare at one place, and treating it in one way. Whoever of these three competitors succeeded best, divided by mutual compact his plants with the others. This conduct speaks volumes. No wonder that success should crown endeavours based on such liberality and true love for science! Mr. Aiton died in 1793. On his burial at Kew his pall was supported by Sir Joseph Banks, the

Rev. Dr. Goodenough, Mr. Dryander, Dr. Pitcairn, Mr. Dundas of Richmond, and Zoffany the painter. His son, the present Mr. Aiton, succeeded him; and published in 1810 a second edition of the 'Hortus Kewensis,' in which upwards of 1600 genera of plants are enumerated. No doubt, the most splendid additions were made to the flower-gardens and greenhouses of Great Britain and Europe during the reign of George III., and a detailed history of Kew would be an elegant episode in that of botany. Unluckily no faithful hand has preserved any memorials of it. But to give an instance, we should like to see a pictorial representation of the scene of Sir Joseph Banks' introducing the first *Hydrangea hortensis* to Kew, about the beginning of 1789, for the inspection of the curious. It had begun to flower in the Custom House, and its green petals were a puzzle to the botanists of the day. The next day he exhibited it at his house in Soho Square, from whence it was returned, and lived in Kew, the parent of its numerous progeny now spread all over Europe, till within these few years. This year saw also the *Paeonia Moutan* introduced from China, and it is in the Gardens to this day, alive and well, a venerable monument of happier times. The common *Fuchsia* also became then first known, and we are told that Lee sold small plants at five guineas each! * * * *

"Yet the death of Queen Charlotte, who finished her life in November 1818, at Kew Palace, the loss of Sir Joseph Banks, and, perhaps, also that of Sir Everard Home, appear to have begot an indifference about these Gardens, which is difficult to account for on any reasonable grounds. In 1823, a considerable portion of Kew Green was surrendered by the inhabitants, who had a common right in it, to the crown, for the express purpose of improving the Gardens; but the expectations then entertained were disappointed, and the understanding that access should be given to the pleasure grounds on the most liberal footing, has never been carried into effect. Soon after, we are told, a fatal system of economy was adopted, and the means hitherto provided for the Botanic Gardens were curtailed. At the same time, noblemen, private individuals, and nursery-men of enterprising spirit, took up horticulture and floriculture with great zeal and vigour; and the Horticultural Society, by pursuing the very opposite system of that which had gradually crept in at Kew, attracted a crowd of supporters, who could with facility gratify their curiosity at Turnham Green, and whose wishes and wants were met by a liberal distribution of seeds and plants, obtained from various parts of the world by zealous and successful collectors. Mr. Aiton had in the interim become Director General of all the royal gardens and parks, and was overwhelmed with occupations, which necessarily took his attention from the minutiae of botanical gardening. Men of eminence and learning complained that they were received, on their visits to Kew, by ill-informed labourers, and that the smallest modicum of attention was bestowed on those, whose presence every where else would have been hailed as an honour, and recorded as an event of importance. Kew descended somehow from the high station which it had held; it had, in fact, ceased to lead in matters of botany, and the idea of its receiving or disseminating any novelties was gradually shelved amongst the obsolete reminiscences of by-gone days. The noising abroad of these complaints probably suggested the idea that it was approaching

that state of final decay, the consummation of which it would be a charity to accomplish at one fell stroke! * * *

A commission was appointed by the Lord Chamberlain, to report, after due examination, upon the real state of the Gardens. The commission consisted of Doctor Lindley, Mr. Paxton, and Mr. Wilson. Their report was upon the whole, as we have been given to understand, rather favourable; but it contained the proposal that a large sum of money, we think some fifty thousand pounds, should be laid out, to put every thing to rights; it, however, strongly deprecated the notion, then already prevalent, of breaking up so excellent an establishment."

Our author himself observes:—

"At a time when the British people counted scarcely half their present number; when they possessed not one-fourth of their present wealth; during the maintenance of continued and expensive wars, means were found for establishing such gardens: surely it is ridiculous to suppose that now means are wanting to keep them up, or provide for the necessary additions? That some of the glasshouses must be enlarged is clear, but it may be done gradually, and would not require an additional five hundred pounds per annum. Supposing, however, that government were to allow an additional thousand pounds a-year, we think that in five years from this day Kew might be altogether regenerated. The system on which these Gardens are at present kept, is one of a complicated, not to say a mysterious nature. We are told that all repairs are done by the Woods and Forests. The wages and coals, which amount to less than a thousand pounds in the year, are disbursed by the Lord Chamberlain, and voted in the annual grants for the Civil List. For collectors and for collections the Admiralty or the Treasury have supplied the expenses. Thus three, if not four, various departments have contributed, each to an indefinite extent, towards this establishment. Sir Joseph Banks, in his time, also sacrificed large sums towards the advancement of the Gardens, and, besides, many private individuals have added considerably to the collection. That so confused a system should have led to so favourable a result as these gardens, with all their imperfections on their head, still exhibit, is, in our opinion, a matter of great credit to the parties who have had the management of them. Yet much more than all this is expected in the present day from the first botanical garden in the empire, and more might easily be effected. Supposing, then, that the present annual expense be, in reality, though perhaps it cannot be accurately ascertained, in all about fifteen hundred pounds, we should ask for an annual sum of two thousand five hundred pounds, to be given independent of every other department, and solely for the benefit of the Botanic Garden. We would then have an additional cultivator, an adept in floriculture to supply the royal drawing-rooms with the choicest flowers: the ordinary ones can, no doubt, be obtained cheaper from nursery-men. We would appoint some one, ready and willing to keep up an active correspondence with other botanists, and whose duty it should be to exchange plants, to record the many botanical facts which must daily present themselves to the notice of so acute an observer as the present foreman is; and we would make arrangement to have these matters published, according to the custom elsewhere observed. We would enable those men about the grounds, who discover zeal and genius, to travel, that we might learn what is

going on in other places. It is ridiculous to assume that they who never move from their own specific locality can keep pace with the mighty progress of society at large, or of any individual branch of art or science; yet we believe there is not now a person in Kew Gardens who has ever been at Woburn or at Chatsworth, much less at Paris, Berlin, Munich, or Vienna! We would court the visits of strangers, and, by special invitation, procure the honour of an attendance from eminent men, and induce them to take notice, not only of our perfections but of our deficiencies: and for this purpose we would keep a book, in which they should enter their names, as well as their opinions of our proceedings. We would print such entries every month, and make the publication of a new catalogue of the plants, with a monthly or annual supplement, a *sine qua non* of pay or salary to some person about the Gardens. We would also hold out rewards to those who enriched our collection with new or superior specimens; there are plenty of people dispersed throughout the world ready to collect and to send plants, if they were but sure that there is a ready market for them in such an establishment. Finally, we would have a visiting committee of three gentlemen to guard against any relaxation of duty, any indifference to science, and any neglect of the objects for which the Gardens exist; and if they were chosen from amongst the high-minded and most zealous, of which there are so many in this great country, surely no fear need be entertained that they would not consider the care of the honour and dignity of this scientific establishment amongst the most paramount of their obligations! And this we would say above all, let every notion of exclusiveness, all illiberality, be dismissed; science is the reverse of it in all its bearings."

How far this counsel is likely to be followed we know not; but we are sure that much of it ought to be adopted.

Our late king set an example of affectionate regard for these Gardens, which we sincerely hope will make a strong impression upon his successors, and incline them to cherish Kew, royally and scientifically.

Gatton Village-School. By W. England. Small 8vo. pp. 64. London, 1840. Saunders and Otley.

ENGLAND (W.) expects every man to do his duty; and that he may know what that duty is, as regards education, he has here set forth the model of Gatton village-school; for Gatton, though no longer in schedule A., or B. either politically, is undoubtedly, as we see from these pages, the first in the A. and B. system of instruction and the "march of mind." Education is a fruitful topic: every body has a crotchety of their own about it; and it is no easy matter to get any three persons to agree even upon the leading fundamental principles on which it ought to proceed, so as to produce the greatest benefit to mankind. For this, among other reasons, the *Literary Gazette* has generally avoided any elaborate views on the subject; being content, as also with respect to statistics, to note such facts as seem to offer grounds for building up sound practical systems, rather than dogmatizing on very partial and insulated data, of no value whatever, till they come to be classed and arranged for a useful purpose. How many cuffs seventeen naughty boys, and how many reprimands five naughty girls, receive at a Sunday or elementary school in three weeks, seems to us to be information of the most uninforming kind; nor do we care to be

told, as an element in the subsistence of the labouring classes, how many legs of mutton were hung in Leadenhall or Newgate markets, between Saturday the 4th, and Saturday the 11th of the month of March. The cuffs, the reprimands, and the legs of mutton, their numbers, severity, and weight, are, as far as we ever could calculate, perfect nonsense, either for inquiry or legislation; only that the last looks tolerably well in a *tabular* form.

But, with all this introduction, we are not really going to Gatton School at all; and if our readers are disappointed, we cannot help it. We have only put the head to our review, that we may select one extract, and tell one anecdote. The extract is in verse, and finely illustrative of the precepts and merit of the work; it occurs in the picture of a good nurse:—

"She took up a saucepan and warmed it some papp,
Then laid the poor baby at ease on her lap;
She waited a while, just to cool the child's meat,
And fed it exactly when at a right heat;
She had asked a good neighbour what food was the best,
And then fed the baby, and put it to rest.
She knew that an infant that's forced to be fed,
And can't have its milk when its mother is dead,
Must suffer much pain, and be sickly at first;
So she bore with its crying, and tenderly nursed,
Saying, 'Poor little darling! how sorry am I,
That you suffer so much, dear, and bye, baby, bye!'
In its clothes she took care not to put any pins,
For fear of its pricking the babe's tender skin,
But sewed on a tape that would do just as well;
For she feared pricking pins, as I'm going to tell.
She heard that when infants so constantly cry,
It is pain that they feel, and can't tell you why,
Or else that they're wet when they ought to be dry."

The simplicity and nature of this cannot well be surpassed; and we only leave our panegyric upon it for our promised anecdote, which pertains to the School of Socialism in Great Queen Street. A lukewarm disciple was there reproached with his coldness in the cause, till he at last confessed that he was, in his heart, only half an Owenite. "Half an Owenite!" (cried his catechist): what do you mean by half an Owenite?" "Why," replied the other, "I mean that I am perfectly ready to go half way in the doctrines of Socialism; and as far as other people's sisters, and daughters, and wives are concerned, I don't see why they may not be quite right; but I object to the other half; for I can't relish the idea that any body should make free with any of my female relations, and, as I have no daughters old enough, particularly with my sisters or my wife!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Ladies' Flower Garden of Ornamental Annuals. By Mrs. Loudon. No. XVI.* London, 1840. Smith.

THIS number completes Mrs. Loudon's very beautiful work on ornamental annuals, which, when suitably bound, will form a perennial and elegant volume to adorn the table of every lady in the land, while it informs them how to cultivate these lovely flowers still further to please the sense wherever they are disposed. Forty-eight charming plates embellish this garden of sweets, in which three hundred and ten plants are naturally figured and coloured. In the list we are glad to see both the scientific and the common names given; for Botany is so dignified and learned in her nomenclature, that no poor scholar can remember the title of her Greek and grotesque compounds. In the very last plate we have varieties of centaury and gentian; but their titles are also *erythraea, ericala, and eurythalia!* A valuable glossary

* In No. XV. which we have not previously noticed, the *Linaria* of various kinds, *Browallia, Nicotiana*, &c. &c., are its embellishments, and they are executed with rare fidelity and grace. We have expressed our sorrow for the close of these flowers; but it is a pleasure to find that a similar series of bulbs are announced to open under the same skilful hands and treatment.

is, under these circumstances, one of the greatest recommendations of the book; and we feel much indebted to the accomplished authoress for it, and for a good index, to finish her whole task in the most satisfactory manner.

Drawing-Room Botany. By James H. Fennell. With Illustrations by Mrs. E. E. Perkins. 8vo. pp. 32. London, 1840. Thomas. THIS volume is prettily illustrated, with no fewer than eighteen coloured plates, at once very simple, natural, and instructive to the botanical student or amateur. It is also quite a lady's book, gratifying alike to the eye and mind, and containing the elements of the science, together with the characters and uses of the plants, and the functions necessary to their development, ingeniously compressed within a very small compass. We have only to add, that the text is amusingly relieved by apt quotations relating to the subject-matter described.

The Beauty of the Heavens, &c. By C. F. Blunt. London, 1840. Whithead and Co.; Ackermann and Co.; C. Tilt.

THIS is an excellent publication to invite the young to the study of astronomy and observation of the starry firmament in the most agreeable way. Picture makes the strongest impression on the ductile mind; and we have here above a hundred coloured scenes of celestial phenomena of every kind, by the aid of which all the northern "beauties of the heavens" may themselves be scanned; and when the actual planet, or star, or constellation, or moon, or comet, &c., has been contemplated, by turning to these representations of them, and the text explanation of their nature and appearances, the whole system is made familiar to the understanding and fixed on the memory. Such modes of instruction are as delightful as they are useful; and we can truly recommend this handsome work to the favour of the public, and particularly of parents and teachers.

The Indicator, and The Companion; a Miscellany for the Fields and the Fireside. By Leigh Hunt. 8vo. 2 parts, double columns. London, 1840. Moscon.

WE rejoice to see this work, so honourable to the various talent of its author, in a form so very cheap and accessible. A more pleasing and graceful specimen of that polite literature which touches on many topics of interest, and interests us with them all, could not be laid on the table of the reading-closet or boudoir. It is just the book to recreate the mind for an hour when fatigue or lassitude require a change.

Part I. of Captain Basil Hall's *Journal on the Coasts of Chili, Peru, and Mexico*, is another example of the same popular form by the same publisher: to whom we are also indebted for Parts III. and IV. of "Southey's Edition of Beaumont and Fletcher," in a similar shape and equally low in price: and Rogers's *Italy* to boot.

The New Annual Army List, with an Index, Corrected to 7th February, 1840. By Lieut. H. G. Hart, 49th Regiment. 8vo. pp. 527. London, 1840. Murray.

A VERY complete work, and so well arranged, that we presume it must contain every matter of reference which the service requires. What alterations the late Report of the Naval and Military Commission may lead to, we are not competent to say.

Indian Life. A Tale of the Carnatic. By Mrs. Colonel Hartley. 3 vols. London, 1840. Saunders and Otley.

OF a romantic nature, and rather strange in style, we can say little in favour of the Indian

life unfolded in these volumes. Persons come and go in them, and there is a sort of mysticism in the sentiments, held in countenance by the modes of expression, that we confess has not had the power to attract us very strongly to the work. We therefore leave it to readers who have more patience and leisure.

The Literary World. Vol. II. Conducted by John Timbs. (London, Berger.)—The second volume of this pleasing and amusing miscellany well justifies the patronage which has attended the editor's diligence and efforts. It is numerously embellished, and full of excellent matter of every kind.

Asel, and Söva. Poems from the Swedish of Elias Tegner, by Oscar Baker. 8vo. pp. 92. (London, Carpenter.)—These compositions, at least in their translations, are more peculiar than poetical; and can hardly hope for much distinction amid the mass of publications.

The Peninsular Magazine. No. I. (London, Ackermann and Co.)—The editor (Dr. de Luzen) has adventured on a novel task:—to give us a magazine devoted to Spanish history, romances, and general literature. We shall wait for its course with some interest, and express an opinion. An account of the Fueros, and a good tale, occur in this opening number.

On the Philosophy of Temperance, and the Physical Causes of Moral Sadness, by W. Moore Wooler, Surgeon, Derby. Part I. 8vo. pp. 101. (London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.)—Mr. Wooler is a strenuous advocate for temperance. Father Mathew himself is not more so. There is an earnestness in his exhortations which would command respect, even if he were quixotic in his ideas.

The Voice of Conscience: a Narrative founded on Fact, by Mrs. Quentin Kennedy. Pp. 218. (London, Fisher, Son, and Co.)—*The Voice of Conscience* has a good deal of the Voice of Intolerance in its accents. The narrative is founded on a statement of Mr. Carne's in his "Letters on Ireland" ("New Monthly Magazine"), and Mrs. Kennedy has expanded and dressed it up with the excellent intention of inculcating moral and religious principles.

Biblical Topography: Lectures on the Position and Character of the Places mentioned in the Holy Scriptures, with Maps, by S. Ransom. A Preface by F. Harris, D.D. Pp. 468. (London, T. Ward.)—A very useful compilation and book of reference for historical and geographical matter in connexion with the Bible.

G. B. Childs, Esq., on the Female Figure. Pp. 128. (London, Harvey and Darton.)—A treatise on the lateral curvature of the spine, and recommending a couch of a particular construction as a remedy.

Jephthah; or, the Maid of Gilad. Pp. 207. (Edinburgh, Johnstone.)—A story wrought upon Jephthah's rash vow; in which the manners and feelings of the ancient Israelites are set forth in a poetical and ornate style.

A New Introduction to the Mathematics. 8vo. pp. 235. (London, Whitaker.)—The writer disapproves of the usual method of teaching mathematics, and by reversing the order of instruction in some points, and particularly as regards arithmetic, thinks that he has improved the system.

The Guide to Service: the Groom. Pp. 216. (London, Knight and Co.)—One of the series which, while it instructs servants, may occasionally throw a little light upon the brains of masters. In this latter respect the groom might, perhaps, have been more communicative.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CAPTAIN ROSS'S EXPEDITION.

[We have great pleasure in giving the earliest intelligence of this most interesting Expedition.]

LETTERS have been received from the Antarctic Expedition, dated from St. Helena the beginning of February. Lieut. Lefroy, of the Royal Artillery, who is to conduct the magnetic observatory on that island, had been landed with his instruments and assistants, and occupied Napoleon Buonaparte's house at Longwood, which has been assigned as his residence, and in the neighbourhood of which his observatory is to be built. From St. Helena, Captain Ross proceeds to the Cape of Good Hope, to establish Lieut. Eardley Wilmot, R.A. and his party in a similar observatory, where corresponding observations are to be made during the three years in which the Expedition will remain in the southern hemisphere. We understand that, by adopting proper precautions, the officers succeeded in making magnetic observations at sea with as much precision as on land, the two ships sometimes telegraphing to each other the same minute of dip. The importance of this success towards the prosecution of the objects of the voyage will be estimated, when it is considered how large a por-

tion of the southern hemisphere is covered by the sea. Captain Ross obtained soundings in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, and far distant from any land, with a line of 2500 fathoms; being, we believe, by far the greatest depth that has ever been reached by a sounding line.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

APRIL 13. Mr. Greenough, President, in the chair.—Professor K. E. von Baer, of St. Petersburg, was elected a Foreign Corresponding Member. Extracts from the following letters and papers were read:—1. 'From Baron Cetto, offering to the Society, in the name of the King of Bavaria, 78 sheets of the "Topographic Atlas," of that kingdom, to be completed in 100 sheets on the scale of 50,000, or 1·5 inches to a mile, together with Plans of Munich, Ratisbon, Augsburg, &c., and a model in relief, coloured according to nature of the country, from Constance and Frankfurt on the west, to the Salsburg Lakes on the east, on the horizontal scale of $\frac{1}{200000}$ or six miles to an inch, and the vertical scale of $\frac{1}{200000}$ or 1000 yards to an inch; the whole admirably executed at the Bureau Topographique at Munich.'—2. From Major Rawlinson at Bombay, 13th February, stating that he was to set out on the following morning for Kabul, by way of Kelat and Kandahar. "My passage down the Tigris," says the writer, "from Baghdad to Basrah, was very interesting to me, for I had thereby ocular verification of much that was before known to me only from report. The lower part of the Kerkha is still, however, involved in much mystery; the stream which falls into the Shât-ul-Arab just below Korna is not one-tenth of the volume of the rivers at Sûs; and the Had, which runs from the Tigris towards the Kerkha, is even of a large size. All my information leads me to believe in the existence of an immense lake, or khor, between Havizal and Korna (laid down in my MS. map, sent to the Society last year), in which the waters of the Had and nine-tenths of those of the Kerkha are lost, or rather carried off by evaporation; and this remarkable physical feature has never appeared in any map yet published."—3. From M. Baer, at St. Petersburg, stating that, owing to M. Schargin having quitted Yakutsk, he had to regret the delay of a series of experiments, instituted by the Academy of Sciences, to ascertain the exact increase of temperature in a well at that place, in which the ground had been found frozen at a depth of 380 feet; but that as soon as a competent observer should be found to reside in that part of Siberia, the observations would be continued under the directions of the Academy. M. Baer also mentioned that a zealous young botanist, Mr. Schrenk, had just set out in the service of the Botanic Garden at St. Petersburg to cross through the most southern parts of Siberia, explore Kamschatka and California, and probably return by Mexico. The geography of plants was his chief object, but Mr. Schrenk was also to pay much attention to ethnography.—4. From Colonel Gawler, dated Adelaide, South Australia, 19th October, 1839, communicated by the South Australian Commissioners. This letter states that Mr. Eyre, already well known by his travels in that district, had been sent by the governor to examine Streaky Bay, about sixty miles to the westward, and where there seemed a probability of a river being found. Quitting Port Lincoln on the western shore of Spencer's Gulf, on the 5th August, Mr. Eyre travelled to the north-west for fifty-five miles, when he

reached Cape Bauer, the south-eastern point of Streaky Bay; here the scrub had become so thick that he left his horse-team and rode to Point Bell, twenty miles further. On the 15th September the small vessel which was to have been sent for him not having arrived, he formed the enterprising resolution of going direct across in an easterly direction, from Cape Bauer to the head of Spencer Gulf; on reaching which he turned to the northward, along the western side of Flinders' range, and thence returned, in a nearly direct course, to Adelaide. This journey has decided the valueless character of this peninsula: the country is low and undulating, but no streams or chain of ponds, few trees, the land scrubby and stony. A range of mountains, 2000 feet high, extends in an east and west direction, along to the northward of the line travelled by Mr. Eyre, of a red amygdaloid, bare, and without a tree: from this the view to the southward was extensive, and nothing seen to encourage expectation. The harbours of Streaky and Denial Bay excellent, but no rivers. The bed of the lake formerly seen by Mr. Eyre, thirty-five miles north of the head of Spencer's Gulf, proves to be really a lake; its northern extremity was not discovered, but it is believed to drain to the northward. On rounding the head of Spencer's Gulf to descend towards Adelaide, Mr. Eyre fell in with a good and well-watered country.

[To be concluded next week.]

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

FRIDAY 10th.—Mr. Alexander Nasmith 'On the Functions of the Mouth, and the Structure of Recent and Fossil Teeth.' Such was the title given to a most interesting and novel review of the vast scale of organic change, effected by the process of assimilation, of which the mouth is the primary and essential organ. Assimilation being used in the most extended sense of the term, denoting the act of converting by a vital process any thing whatever into the nature or substance of another being. So extensive a range was taken by Mr. Nasmith, that an abstract, compatible with the limits of our journal of this season of the year, would fail to convey a title of the interest excited. And, moreover, independent of the restricted space, the absence of the numerous drawings, beautifully executed by a lady, Mrs. Holmes, and of the large collection of heads, teeth, &c. for illustration, would be felt, and cause any notice we could give to fall far short of the merits of the lecture. The subject is of universal interest, and we with pleasure refer our readers to Mr. Nasmith's papers 'On the Structure of the Teeth,' 'On Epithelium,' and 'On the Structure of Fossil Teeth,' read at the British Association at Birmingham and reported at length in *Literary Gazette*, No. 1183, for an account of that gentleman's valuable microscopic investigations and important discoveries in this branch of anatomical science. They comprise two divisions of the lecture on Friday evening, that is to say, the subject-matter then delivered, divested of the technicalities of the elaborate essay. To the other division, therefore—the functions of the mouth—we confine our present notice. The digestive cavities of animals, Mr. Nasmith observed, resemble chemical crucibles, for the elaboration of the animal matter, requisite for the growth and support of the organic frame. The mouth is the simplest form of the digestive apparatus. This apparatus, even in its most perfect form, may indeed be regarded as merely a complicated extension of the cavity of the mouth;

and in its simplest form it comprises nothing more than a rudiment of the latter. From the monad up to man, the mouth is an essential organ. An orifice or orifices for the introduction of food must exist; and these, whether they are found singly or in numbers in any animal, cannot but be regarded as the mouth. In the lowest forms of animal being, life comprises little else than the exercise of the function of the mouth, which is sometimes an organ both for the reception of food, and for the expulsion of that portion of it which cannot be assimilated. The mouth, therefore, is the most universal and essential element of animal existence; the broadest, most constant, and most comprehensive expression of animal life; by its development and modifications throughout the animal kingdom, all the manifold, complex, and wonderful forms of organic nature are reared up and supported; and by its operation alone can means be instituted for the exercise of the *moral and intellectual faculties*. In surveying the expanse of nature, we find that every element, every climate, and every situation, has its appropriate inhabitants, in which the whole of the complex organs of assimilation are most wonderfully and wisely modified, according to the peculiar wants and position of the animal; and in the modifications of all these organs, the adaptation of the mouth to the performance of its particular functions is the most surprising and evident; and even in the lowest classes of animals, the different forms of the organisation of the mouth are as peculiar to their respective species, as strictly adapted to the particular requisitions of the individual, and as typical of the whole system of the animal, as in the highest. The simplest process of *nutrition* is that of some zoophytes, whose bodies may be called an homogeneous globule of animal matter, with an orifice for the reception of food; which, on being swallowed, dissolves, and become in a short time identified with the surrounding substance. Then, in other animals, of a somewhat higher grade, we have a *distinct stomach*, with canals leading from it. The next step is the superaddition of organs of *respiration*, which assist assimilation and nutrition by bringing the external air to act upon the liquid aliment, after it has been absorbed into the blood. Another step in the progress of the animal structure towards the perfection which it reaches in man, is constituted by its being provided with a *heart and lymphatic vessels*. Finally, we arrive at the *vertebrate* classes, so called from their possessing a backbone, or vertebrae, serving as a fulcrum, or support, to the whole frame in these animals, amongst which man is included. The sphere of action being much enlarged, the process of nutrition, and of course also the organs by which it is effected, are much more complicated than in any of the preceding classes; but in the four orders of *vertebrata*, viz. fishes, reptiles, birds, and mammalia, no decidedly peculiar diversities are presented with respect to the function of assimilation, which in all of them may be said to be carried on by similar means. The mouth and teeth of *aquatic* and *amphibious animals*, which live by preying on others, present a general character in beautiful harmony with their peculiar requisitions, being so modified, as to enable them to seize, hold, and divide the bodies of their slippery prey. Of this, the mouths of the *dolphin*, *crocodile*, *shark*, and *lepisosteus*, are good examples. One can hardly conceive the possibility of escape from jaws furnished with teeth of that nature. The presence of weapons such as these indicate that the prey of these animals must occasionally

be formidable, and capable of desperate resistance. The teeth of crocodiles and sharks are so often broken and destroyed in the encounter, that Nature, with admirable foresight, has sent them into the world provided with many successive and complete sets of teeth, which may be brought into use as required. In some *fishes*, as the individual advances in age the teeth become ankylosed, or fixed firm and immovable to the bone of the jaw, rendering it impossible to sever them by the rough encounters to which they are subject. In the mouths of pikes, of all kinds, this is frequently the case, and examples are easily obtained. Active habits in the animal imply rapidity of respiration, and are accompanied by activity and energy in all the other departments of the function of assimilation. A beautiful harmony may indeed be demonstrated to exist between the construction of the mouth and the habits and character of the species, throughout the entire range of every division of the animal kingdom. The truth of this may be well demonstrated, even in individuals of the *human species*. A well-developed mouth, furnished with strong and powerful teeth, capable of perfecting and performing the function of mastication, introduces the food into the stomach well prepared for complete digestion; and of course accelerates that process, which thus duly nourishes the system, and obviates all redundancy and oppression. The individual is thus not only supported, but stimulated to activity, and preserved in health. Where the mouth is strongly furnished, and healthy, the osseous system is also well knit, and the chest is well developed; all in consequence of the activity induced by the due performance of the function of digestion. In all these arrangements we trace with admiration the hand of a *benign Artificer*! In man we observe no manifestation of extreme activity and endurance on the one hand, or of sluggishness on the other, which respectively characterise the different orders of lower animals; but in him are concentrated all the faculties which are distributed in various degrees to the other species, and they are so balanced and regulated in him, as to produce the most complete harmony, and the most extensive range of action. The necessity of complete physical organs specially designed for offence and defence is superseded by the superiority of his rational faculties, by the exertion of which he ascertains that which others learn from mere instinct, and effects that which they can only effect by mere physical force. To his physical development and well-being no organ promotes and contributes so efficiently as the mouth, whether we regard it as the porch of nutritious assimilation, or as the organ of voice, and means of rational communication. Man has been said "to fulfil his destiny by means of his hand;" but Mr. Nasmyth considers that his mouth fulfils a still more essential part in the Animal and Intellectual life; for it is not only in him, in common with all other animals, the essential and original element of the apparatus of assimilation, by which his physical frame is built up from materials supplied by surrounding nature, but it is also the organ of intellectual expression, without which he would not be able to take a single step in his mental career, but would remain lower in the scale of creation than the brute which has instinct for its constant guide. It is a remarkable fact, that no other conformation of mouth than that of man could admit at once of perfect articulation and of a proper mastication of food. There is a most exalted contrast, and at the same time an evident fitness, in the circumstance, that the same Organ which

is the instrument in the hands of the *Almighty* to build up the wondrous and upright structure of *His own Image*, is the very one he has chosen to sound his praises, and make him known on earth. Thus did Mr. Nasmyth ably treat the "Functions of the Mouth." Similar ability was displayed in his elucidation of the other divisions of the subject.

ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

TUESDAY 7th.—Read a paper, by Mr. Gassiot, 'On the Coloured Rings obtained on Platinum Plate by means of the Gymnotus.' By the experiments of Mr. Gassiot, another link has been added to the chain of evidence in support of the identity of animal with voltaic electricity. The metachromes, or coloured rings, produced by the action of the voltaic battery, have been obtained by the animal exertion of the gymnotus, or electrical eel. We have so recently described the details of the former process, contained in a previous paper of Mr. Gassiot's, read to the Electrical Society, that it will be unnecessary now to enter into the elucidation of the phenomenon, or to enlarge upon the beauty of the effect produced by the deposition of the oxide of lead on the metallic surface of a positive electrode immersed in a solution of acetate of lead. The same result has been obtained by means of the gymnotus in the following manner:—A small plate of platinum was attached to the end of a copper wire, and placed in a solution of acetate of lead, the point of another wire was brought to within one-eighth or one-sixteenth of an inch of the platinum plate; connexion was then made with the gymnotus by means of the two wires—the one attached to the platinum plate being connected with the head, and the other with the tail, of the eel. The colours immediately appeared on the plate, and minute particles of the lead could, with the assistance of a lens, be plainly perceived on the end of the wire forming the *negative* electrode. This experiment is highly satisfactory, as an additional and weighty witness in this interesting inquiry; but one, and the crowning, proof is still wanting, and will be, in all probability, until the exertions of the Society for the importation of these creatures, as yet so unfortunately foiled, shall be attended with success. The investigation to which we allude is that suggested by Faraday; namely, the restoration of vital, or, perhaps, nervous energy, by means of electricity, when the gymnotus has become exhausted by repeated discharges of its electrical powers.—Read, also, a communication by Mr. Smee, 'On the Galvanic Properties of Metals, and on a New Chemico-Mechanical Battery.' The experiments and results obtained by Mr. Smee have been published by him in the 'Philosophical Magazine' for the present month; examined, doubtless, by our scientific readers, and probably compared with the surprising powers of 'Grove's Battery,' described in our report of proceedings at the Royal Institution (*Literary Gazette*, No. 1209). We therefore leave these two recent inventions to their respective merits.—The last paper read was by Mr. Mason, describing an 'Improvement in the Precipitation of Metals,' which consists in making the medal in progress act as a battery for the formation of one in another jar. Those who have had any experience in the metallic precipitation of copper by a single pair of plates, will readily perceive the advantage gained by thus preventing the possibility of any portion of the sulphate of zinc becoming mixed with the sulphate of copper. The mixing which sometimes occurs when a single jar is used is

the cause of the brittle compound, separable with difficulty from the copperplate or mould, being precipitated, instead of a tough, flexible copper.

ROYAL ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

AMONGST other papers, read, 1. a 'Note on an Arabic Globe belonging to the Society,' by Mr. R. W. Rothman, Foreign Secretary. The instrument in question is a small bronze globe, about six inches in diameter, brought some time ago from the East, having the positions of the principal stars marked by silver studs, with their Arabic names engraved; and the object of the present note is to point out the differences between the names of the stars as found on the globe and those given in the Catalogue of Ulugh Beg, with which, in general, the globe agrees, though in some instances the differences are worthy of notice. From the position of the colures, &c. it is inferred that the globe is not of ancient date; but it bears no mark indicative of the precise period of its construction.—2. 'Elements of Galle's Second Comet,' computed by M. Petersen, and communicated by Professor Schumacher.

Passage, 1840, March 12, 77822, M. T. Altona.
Log. perihelion distance = 0.0877164
Longitude of perihelion = $80^{\circ} 30' 34''$ } M. Eq. March 12.
Longitude of Leo..... = $236^{\circ} 40' 13''$
Inclination..... = $50^{\circ} 10' 41''$ Motion retrograde.

PARIS LETTER.

Academy of Sciences, April 14, 1840.

SITTING OF APRIL 6.—M. Arago, as secretary, read a note from M. Delarive, of Geneva, on the method of gilding metallic objects by means of the voltaic pile. This gentleman stated that he had commenced his experiments fifteen years ago; but that he had met with so little success in them that he had given them up, and had resumed them only on learning what M. Becquerel, of Brussels, was doing in the same line. He had lately attained to some very notable results, which were capable of still greater improvement. He employed a solution of chlorate of gold, as neutral as possible, and very much diluted (there being only five or ten milligrammes of gold per cubic centimetre of the solution), which was poured into a cylindrical bag of bladder. This bag was then placed in a bottle of water very slightly acidulated. The article to be gilt is made to communicate, by means of a metallic wire, with a plate of zinc plunged into the acidulated water, and is placed itself in the solution of gold. The acidulated water may be put in the bottle, and the solution of gold in the bladder; the only object being to keep the liquids separate, without hindering the action of the electric current. After the lapse of one minute the article is taken out, and is wiped with a soft rag; and then being more strongly rubbed with rag, is found to be slightly gilt. After two or three similar immersions, the coating of gold is thick enough. The article should be well washed and polished before immersion; and should even be washed in slightly acidulated water between each immersion, in order to destroy any grease that may adhere to it. The colour of the gilding thus obtained is found to depend on various circumstances,—such as the purity of the gold, the nature of the objects to be gilt, and the degree of strength of the solution of gold; and, in order that the surface of the gold may be perfectly even, the surface of the article itself must be carefully polished. Great precautions are necessary in not allowing the object to be gilt to be put in contact with the solution of gold before every thing is so arranged that the

electric current may be established at the moment of contact. M. Delarive described this method of his as being very economical, since the quantity of gold required for the solution was very small. Thus, with a solution containing only 800 milligrammes of gold, he had solidly gilt ten silver teaspoons; so that if the ten spoons had entirely absorbed all the gold in the solution, which was not the case, each spoon would have absorbed to the value of only 32 centimes. A second gilding, coming over the first, gives it an unusual degree of solidity and durability.

A communication was read from M. Persoz on oxydised compounds of sulphur, in which he explained the process by which the hypo-sulphuric acid might be isolated.

A note was read from M. Zinin, professor of chemistry at Kasan, in Tartary, upon various products obtained with the essential oil of sweet almonds.

M. Cauchy presented the Academy with the seventh and eighth numbers of his Analytical and Physico-mathematical Exercises; and also a new memoir, entitled "A new and simple Method of completely Determining the alternate Sums of the primitive Roots of Binomial Equations."

M. Segurier read to the Academy an account of a new machine for the reduction of statues, bas-reliefs, &c., invented by M. Sauvage. It consisted in a simple application of the pantograph; and a kind of artificial finger attached to it worked the wet clay of the model with great facility. It was expected to become applicable to the making of small models for jewellers' work.

M. Puissant expressed his opinion that M. Filhon had arrived at some of his conclusions, relative to the difference of level in the sea of the Channel and the sea on the west coast of France, too hastily. He had probably not taken into account the state of the wind, nor had based his calculations on a sufficiently extensive series of observations. M. Arago thought that the only fair inductions as to the level were to be attained from a very long series of observations; but M. Filhon's observations had been least numerous exactly at one of the principal points, Cancale.

M. Robiquet communicated the result of some observations which M. Flourens had instructed him to make as to the substance contained in madder dye, which most affected the bones of animals. He found that it was what is called the *purpurine* of madder, not the *alizarine*, which attacked the more bony parts of the skeletons of birds, &c.

We may mention that no further communication has been made to the Academy relative to the assertion of M. de Pontécoulant, that an important error existed in the measuring of the arc of the meridian.

The statement in the *Literary Gazette* of 28th ult. concerning a new steam-engine has produced a letter from M. Schmeltz, of Abbeville, to M. Arago, in which he contends for a claim to priority of invention of the same principle. M. Pelletan, of the Academy of Sciences, has also stated that he tried a similar machine at Cherbourg in 1832, acting on precisely the same principle; but that he found it a failure, not having been able to attain a greater speed than from four to five knots per hour.

Académie des Sciences, Morales, et Politiques.—At the last meeting of this body, M. Rossi in the chair, notice was given of the members who had been selected in conformity to an ordonnance of the Minister of Public Instruction to draw up a report on the history of moral and political science from 1789 to 1840. In

the section of Philosophy, the Minister of Public Instruction, M. Cousin, was himself chosen; though it was said that the duties of his political office would hardly allow him to accept of the nomination.—In that of Political Economy, the President, M. Rossi, was selected; in that of History, M. Mignet; in that of Morals, M. de Tocqueville.—No nomination had yet been made in that of Legislation.

M. Blanqui read a memoir on the life and labours of Mr. Huskisson, on whom he passed a warm panegyric, taking occasion at the same time to advocate the principal points of the free-trade system.

M. Moreau de Jonnés read an *exposé historique* of the various attempts made in France, since the seventeenth century, to obtain accurate statistical returns of the condition of agriculture. He shewed that most of the returns that had been made were erroneous, from having been founded on too general results, and depending too much on averages. A new system, of much more accurate inquiries, he said, had been going on for the last four years, and, ere long, would be laid before the public.

Académie de Médecine. Sitting of 7th April.—M. Ferrus read an eulogium upon the late Dr. Biect.—M. Bousquet communicated to the Academy the contents of the forthcoming volume of its "Transactions." It will contain 1. A Memoir by M. Orfila on Poisoning by Arsenic; 2. M. Pelletan on Consumption; 3. M. Baillarger on Cerebral Convulsions; 4. M. Foville on *Méningite*; 5. M. Lecanu's Analysis of Urine.—At this sitting, M. Chervin read an elaborate memoir on an interesting case of aneurism of the pectoral aorta, drawn up by M. Follet, head medical officer of the Marine Hospital in the island of Bourbon.—M. Chevalier communicated an account of two cases of poisoning, in the detection of which M. Orfila's theories and practice had been completely confirmed.—M. Leroy d'Etiolles presented the Academy with a long memoir on diseases of the prostate gland, accompanied by numerous preparations.

The Royal Academy of Sciences at Turin, class of Physics and Mathematics, held a sitting on 5th April. A report was given by Professor Gené of the transactions of the class during 1839.—Professor Botto commenced the reading of a memoir, in French, 'On Microscopic Observations upon the Movements of Vegetable Globules in a Menstruum.'—M. Michelotti read part of a paper 'On Literal Analysis.'

Books.—The magnificent publication of M. Texier, "Description de l'Asie Mineure," is now at its 7th livraison. The king has subscribed to it for all his libraries.—The last number of the "Aguado Gallery," publishing by M. Gavard, the author of the immense work on Versailles, contains the fine "Annunciation" by Murillo, which is one of the principal gems of that collection. The engraver's department of this sumptuous work is very well conducted.—M. Leguével de Lacombe has given us an important book upon Madagascar. He treats of the recent revolutions of that island, the attempts of the English to settle on it, the rapid progress of the Malgachos in civilisation, the varied appearance of the tribes occupying the island, and adds a comprehensive account of its national productions. The work is entitled, "Voyage à Madagascar."—The geographical cabinet of the Bibliothèque Royale is found to be productive of much good; though it has been only recently established, a precious collection of geographical works is

forming in it. At the last meeting of the Geographical Society, a warm eulogium was paid to the administrators for forming this cabinet.

We mentioned last week that Mlle. Rachel had just settled the terms of her new engagement at the Théâtre Français; Mlle. Mars has now done the same, but not on such extravagant terms: her star is on the wane! She is to receive 30,000 francs per annum salary, with 1200 francs for her *feux*. Mlle. Doze, a most meritorious young actress, is to have 5000 francs a-year. M. Leguay, the oldest painter of the porcelain manufactory of Sevres, died there the other day, aged seventy-eight.

Sciarauda.

Primo, Son cantato;
Secondo, Son mandato;
Tertio, Son mangiato.

Answer to the last:—Te-la.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—United Service, 9 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.; Statistical, 8 P.M.
Tuesday.—Linnean, 8 P.M.; Horticultural, 3 P.M.; Electrical, 8 P.M.; Architectural, 8 P.M.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.
Thursday.—Antiquaries (Anniversary), 2 P.M.
Saturday.—Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

[Second notice.]

201. *The Canterbury Pilgrims*. E. Corbould.—Battles, sieges, tournaments, or tempests, may serve to exhibit the skill of the painter: they may do more—they may teach us to set a value on our own safety, or unacknowledged comforts; but, for our own part, we like the sunshine of art when so happily displayed as in the above performance. Those who remember Mr. Corbould's picture from "Anne of Gierstein," a scene in the "Hostelry of the Flying Stag," may form some idea of the *Canterbury Pilgrims*—the subject under notice. Here is the same animating bustle, the same picturesque character of costume and building, the same glow of brilliant colouring, the same highly-finished execution. A pretty long quotation from Chaucer, in the Catalogue, points at, rather than points out, the characters. The principal groups in the picture are the warrior knight, already mounted on his charger, conferring with an attendant, or groom; and the young squire, yet seated, and carrying on a flirtation with a maid of the inn and another female of a higher grade. Jokes, gibes, and good liquor, seem circulating among the lower order, making up a whole full of the liveliest contrasts. Chaucer is also introduced in a corner of the picture, keenly observing all that is taking place.

130. *Ibraheem Bey, with Two of his confidential Officers, reposing in the Nubian Desert, in their Flight before the Troops sent against them by Mohammed Alee* in 1812. Henry Warren.—Here is sunlight enough, but it is the sunlit desert—awful and sublime. It must have tasked the powers of the painter to give effect to so dreary a prospect; but Mr. Warren has peopled the scene with so much of splendour and variety, both in costume and in character, that no monotony in the boundless waste is felt in viewing the performance. The habits of the fugitives are in strict conformity with their tribe and country, and are executed with a skill and fidelity calculated to attract attention and to excite admiration. We are much gratified to learn that this fine drawing has been purchased

by Mr. Vernon, who is unquestionably entitled to the honour of being the most liberal and judicious encourager of modern art in the country.

122. *A Scene at the Gate of the Convent of San Geronymo, at Belein, Lisbon*. L. Haghe.—The artist's name is, we feel assured, a guarantee for any commendations we can bestow on his works. In the subject before us, Mr. Haghe appears to have taken a new ground in the style and manner of his performance. His picture of last year appeared to us to partake of the Flemish school; this has some of the Italian. Be that as it may, the subject is of great interest, and the style and treatment are no less attractive than in his former work. The scene exhibits the richly-wrought and sculptured entrance of the convent, and the monks in the act of distributing alms to the pilgrims and mendicants applying for relief. It is a deed of mercy, in the performance of which Religion appears in one of its most attractive features. The figures and groups are varied in character, and in every way suitable to the occasion. They excite pity on the one hand; and, on the other, admiration of the skill of the artist by whom they have been so ably depicted.

155. *The Death of Titian*. W. H. Kearney.—'Tis a sad story, "pitiful, wondrous pitiful," as related in the quotation following the title of the subject. The artist has illustrated the atrocious circumstances connected with the event in a way that does credit to his talents in the executive portion of his task; the materials it afforded him are in the highest degree striking and picturesque: a richly-decorated apartment, plate, furniture, money, and other accessories, seized by ruffians before the eyes of the dying painter and his beloved son.—'Tis a sad story, tell it as you will.

189. *Dutch Fishing-boats, riding out a Gale off the Dogger Bank*. E. Duncan.—Had such a scene passed before our un-sailored sight, we should have said of the boat nearest the eye, "The thing is impossible! it cannot be done! Why, her head is plunged deep into the wave, and her rudder is out of the water!" But perhaps an adept like Mr. Duncan would say to us, "There are more things done in wind and wave than 'are dreamt of in your philosophy.'" So we give it up, and only congratulate the painter on his successful representation of such a tremendous scene, and express our hope and wish that the performance will find a harbour in the collection of some worthy encourager of modern art.

[To be continued.]

THE FRENCH SCHOOL OF ART.

The Louvre: Salon of 1840.

[Fourth Notice.]

THERE is a most laborious artist, M. Meissonier, one of the hardest-working men in Paris, who has produced a little gem for this Exhibition, something in the Gerard Dow style: he entitles it "The Reader," and it represents a comfortable old gentleman buried in his study poring over his books, and all around him in an agreeable state of literary confusion. A warm afternoon's sun throws a glowing light on every object. It is of very small dimensions—not more than ten inches by six, and is finished, not only with exquisite minuteness, but with astonishing boldness and precision of handling. Were it a little more transparent, the effect would be quite equal to a genuine Gerard Dow. The artist must have spent at least six months on this picture—so his friends say; and supposing that he sells it for 1500 f. or 1800 f. his remuneration will be very inadequate. Every body admires his industry and regrets the immense consumption of time.—Clement Bou-

langer, who is a warm admirer of the rich schools of Italy, and by no means an unworthy disciple of the older masters, has chosen a good subject in a marble staircase and portico of the Vatican, at the foot of which Pope Sixtus V., accompanied by some cardinals, is receiving his peasant relations. The artist has thrown considerable depth of shadow into all parts of the composition except the principal group, relieving the dark parts by rich tints of marble, of armour, of draperies, &c.; while the scarlet robes of the cardinals and the purple cope of his holiness, strongly lighted up, give uncommon effect and spirit to the whole. This artist has several other pictures in the *salon*, but they are not of the same merit.—The celebrated Tony Johannot has finished a small picture, commenced by his deceased brother Alfred, representing the well-known story of Sir Walter Raleigh spreading his mantle for Queen Elizabeth: but it is not treated with the spirit that Johannot usually infuses into whatever passes from his palette: it is good, of course; but that is all that can be said of it.—M. Jacquand has got a large and fine picture in the great square room of the Louvre, styled "L'Aveu:" it represents an aged monk in his cell, receiving some heart-rending confession or offer from a brother of the community. The confessor sits in holy tranquillity, meditating with prudence and charity on the terrible avowal which the penitent, whose hands are grasped in agony, and whose eyes are almost starting from their sockets, is making. The grey walls of the cell with a good deal of shade, and the brown dresses of the figures, are treated with much warmth and mellowness of effect, and the whole forms a striking picture. The artist has got two or three more productions in the *salon*; but they are small, and not so good as this one. It would appear as though he too had been idle during the past year, for we have nothing from him on the same scale as his "Gaston de Foix" of 1838, nor his splendid "Louis XI." of 1839. We may observe, *en passant*, that this latter picture is destined by the artist to appear in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, in London, of this spring, previous to its being finally sent to Rotterdam, where we understand its fortunate possessor resides.* There is an uncommonly good mezzotint engraving of it recently published; and the best water-colour of this present *salon* is a small copy of it by a lady.—A young French artist, who, from his name being Wattier, thinks himself bound to imitate Watteau, has distinguished himself this year by a very charming little group in the style of that master. It has afforded a contrast, but not to its own advantage we think, with the style of M. Diaz, another young painter of merit, who loves to delineate groups of Turkish ladies and wood nymphs playing under the shade of flowery bosquets on Persian carpets, and waited on now by negro girls, and now by Cupids. This gentleman has given us some splendid effects of accidental lights, such as are to be seen in woodland glades, and in which he contrasts the fair forms of his figures with the rich tint of foliage or drapery in an admirable manner.

Battle-pieces are very scanty this year, *Deo gratias!* We recollect when Versailles was finishing, the whole Louvre was one continual series of deathless deeds, and when there were

* We are sorry to say that the application for its reception arrived in London far too late; and, notwithstanding the earnest wish of our Royal Academy to shew every attention to foreign merit, it was quite impossible to exhibit this picture. In short, it is still in Paris, and the rooms in the National Gallery are more than half arranged.—Ed. L. G.

as many different wounds depicted within its walls as there are to be read of in all the *Iliad*. The only things at which any body stops this year are "The Battle of Honda-chote in 1793," by Bellangé—the English are being forced in their entrenchments, and are about to be what the French call *enfoncés*—and two daubs, entitled the "Battle of Toulouse," in which, with admirable historical propriety, the English are represented as running away at all points, and their Gallic adversaries, headed by the "Illustrious Sword," as that good-natured old fellow Soult is called, gaining a complete victory! We do not call them daubs on account of their subject, as many a wrathful Briton would be tempted to do, but because they are strictly and truly very poor works of art. The marine battles, too, are very inferior in point of merit this year. There is a sketchy "Bombardment of Genoa," by Gudin, and a large picture of the "Sinking of the Vengeur," by Morel-Fatio: both good; but this is all. A picture that is somewhat related to the class of naval battles, and yet cannot strictly be called such, but which we may appropriately notice here, is one by Lepoittevin, and is as fine a canvass as any that we have had the good fortune of falling in with for many years. During the 16th and 17th centuries, when the bucaniers were in the height of their glory in the New World, and when the Dutch, Spaniards, French, and English were wont to bang away at each other in good earnest in the seas of the old, there was a set of rascals always to be found whenever two great fleets came into collision, who used to keep a sharp lookout for all that fell overboard, and appropriate the same to their own benefit. If they met with any unfortunate sailor swimming for his life they kindly helped him into their boat, knocked his brains out, and pitched him over again into the sea. All stray spars, sails, &c. they filched in similar manner: in fact they were sea-robbers, and went by the current name of "Gueux de mer." Our artist has represented a ramshackle barge, full of gentry of this kind, cruising about in and between the lines of a Spanish and a Dutch fleet, which are launching at each other such volleys of thunder and lightning that none but desperadoes would choose to go near them. They have hoisted Dutch colours, having a shrewd guess that Mynheer will lick the Don. At the bows of the barge is a most villainous-cheeked fellow in a slouched hat, standing up, and keeping his watch ahead: at the stern is another, with a telescope at his eye: the captain sits at the helm: the men, in strange variety of costume—it is impossible to say what nation they belong to—are huddled together in the middle: the boat is heaving gently, and they are just keeping her head up to the wind with a couple of oars, ready to hoist their rugged sail and make a dart at the first prospect of booty. The grouping and design of this picture are quite wonderful, and the outline of the men in the boat is astonishingly clever: the colouring is rich and full of harmony, without glare—the sea transparent and natural; the handling firm, masterly: altogether, it is a first-rate production.

The French school is certainly not so rich in portrait-painters as that of England; whether it be caused by the absence of sufficiently liberal employers, or from artists being repugnant to the drudgery of that line and preferring to mount to glory by another road, we do not know: but the fact is positive. The most rising of the present class of portrait-painters, Charpentier, who proceeds upon excellent methods, and in some of his productions

might be said to be an imitator of Sir Joshua Reynolds, has painted a fine three-quarter likeness of Mlle. Rachel, the celebrated tragic actress, who is now all the vogue in Paris. The figure is represented standing, in black, without any ornament, the head slightly inclining forward, the eyes looking sternly and piercingly forward, the hands hanging down clasped together; the background, a brownish-greenish wall with strong shade: this forms a striking and very effective picture, treated in its carnations just as Sir Joshua would paint, for strength of handling, and full of power in its colouring. It rather flatters the lady; but this is very excusable, and is counterbalanced by the extreme simplicity of the composition. Another portrait, of nearly equal simplicity and singleness of design, has been sent in by M. Guignet, which is curious as a work of art. It represents a young, fair, and good-looking man, the face half averted, standing up against a table, dressed in a drab morning-coat, in an apartment the walls of which are in white and gold. There is little or no shade in the picture; and in this it resembles a bold but successful attempt made last year by M. Amaury Duval, who painted a lady in a rose-coloured dress against a white ground, without any shadow whatever. Portrait-painters will understand the difficulties of such proceedings, so rarely attempted; but in both instances they have been successful, solely, we conjecture, from the artists having strictly adhered to nature. In the present case, M. Guignet has produced an admirable effect, which is much heightened by the simplicity of the means taken to obtain it. We dwell on these instances as curious points in the practice of the modern French school; and we will add the remark, that in all cases the more simple the composition in a portrait the better. Vandyke cannot always be imitated safely; it is better to abide by Holbein, by Titian, and by Velasquez. M. Amaury Duval is a very powerful delineator of features, and always makes a bold striking likeness of whatever face he takes for his subject: he paints with remarkable firmness and solidity; is rather cold in his colours; and is one of the division of that school which sets all ancient precedent at defiance. He has some capital things in this year's *salon*, but they are not equal to the portraits of M. Flandrin, one of the favourite pupils of Ingres, the director of the Academy at Rome. Like all the productions of that master, the works of his scholars are correct and severe; perfect in drawing and light and shade, but with a peculiar greenness of shadow, and a curious coldness of colouring, that detracts much from the popularity to which works of such high merit would otherwise be raised. As for Dubufe, the last of the portrait-painters we shall notice, he has nine pictures in the *salon*, all of them done upon one and the same principle—a black velvet dress, short sleeves, large curls, a *nogeyn-age* chair, a damask curtain; the likeness good but flattering, the flesh painted sign-board fashion, and the fair incognito designated in the Catalogue as the Duchess of —, the Countess of —, or the Princess of —!

BIOGRAPHY.

MR. JOHN BATE.

On Thursday, the 9th instant, this gentleman, alike distinguished by his ingenuity and his worth, died at the early age of thirty-one years. He was the inventor of the *Anaglyptograph*, an instrument for tracing and representing upon plane surfaces a perfect resemblance of models in relief,—a subject much discussed in the *Literary Gazette* in the years 1836-7.

When applications having been made to parliament by a party of foreigners to engrave, by a process inaccurate, but otherwise similar to Mr. Bate's, the medals in the British Museum, we then claimed for our ingenious countryman the justice of employing his perfect instrument for the purpose, rather than the inferior contrivance of Nolte and Co.; and we mainly contributed towards saving our country the disgrace of employing foreigners to do that in a national work which Mr. John Bate, an Englishman, could so much better execute.

SKETCHES.

SOME accounts of the late strange occurrences at Damascus have found their way into the newspapers; but the following, for which we are obliged to a friend, being more particular, will be acceptable to our readers. The narratives remind us of the dark ages in Europe, and the charges which, in those days, led to Jewish massacres.

"I have just received my letters by the Indian mail. One of them brings me a most horrible story from Damascus, which, if my authority were not beyond all doubt, would appear almost incredible. It might furnish materials to Mr. Ainsworth for one of his melo-dramatic novels.

"You know—perhaps you don't though—the Jews in Syria have for some years past been suspected of human sacrifices. Persons of various ages have occasionally disappeared in a mysterious manner, and never been heard of again. The Moosliman and native Christians have always asserted that these persons were kidnapped by the Jews, and sacrificed; but the accusation never was credited by the European authorities, nor, I believe, by the governor of Damascus. It turns out to be too true. Padre Tomaso, whom you may perhaps remember at the head of the Latin convent, disappeared about the middle of February. He had left the convent with a servant, and it was ascertained that both of them had been seen in the Jews' quarter. Suspicion fell on the Jews, and several were arrested, and thrown into prison. One of them died without confessing any thing, after receiving 1500 blows with the *koorbadj*; but another, after getting about 1000, betrayed the whole plot. The poor priest and his servant had been inveigled into a house under pretence of visiting a sick person: they were seized by the wretches, who had every thing prepared; their feet were caught in a noose, and hoisted up to the roof: some of the Jews held their heads and hands, while the fellow who confessed cut their throats. When they had collected all the blood, and put it into bottles, to be used in some of the religious rites, the flesh was cut into small pieces, and the bones broken down, and the whole put into a number of bags, and thrown into a common sewer! The remains of the bodies have been found. While this fellow was under the *bastinado*, Signor Picciotto, a very rich Jew, stood by, offering him a hundred piastres for every blow he might bear without speaking. I had the disagreeable honour of knowing this infernal scoundrel, and he was several times in my house at Beyrout. He was a good-looking fellow, about five-and-thirty, and did not wear the distinguishing costume of the Jews, but was always very gaily dressed—quite an Oriental dandy. He and several other leading Jews were in prison when my correspondent wrote, undergoing the *bastinado*, to discover what was done with the blood. Is it not dreadful? What horrors superstition will lead men to perpetrate! Two of the chief Jews, who were *seraffs* (bankers),

have fled to Bagdad. The Christians are highly exasperated—so are the Moslems, for that matter; and not a Jew dare appear abroad. Shereef Pacha has seized all their books, and the investigations are still going on. It's a beastly story, and makes my blood tingle to think that I have been drinking coffee, and smoking, and shaking hands, with this bloody miscreant.

"Ibrahim Pacha has taken a devout fit; eschews the brandy bottle; and not only prays five times a-day, but insists on all his officers doing the same."

Royal Society Soirées.—The last of these interesting evening meetings for this season, at the mansion of the noble President in Piccadilly, took place on Saturday, and was very brilliantly attended by individuals who might fairly be said to represent all the parties, ranks, sciences, and arts of the country. Amongst the company we observed the Archbishops of Canterbury and Dublin, and several of the bench of bishops; M. Guizot, the French Ambassador; a Parsee Master-shipbuilder from Bombay; the Duke of Buccleuch; Marquess of Westminster; Lords Shaftesbury, Haddington, Stuart de Rothsay, Strangford, Colborne, Mountague, Burghersh, Mahon; Sir R. Peel, Sir R. H. Inglis, Mr. Gally Knight, Mr. M. Milnes, and other members of parliament; Sirs Gore Ouseley, A. Johnston, H. Ellis, J. Rennie, &c.; Mr. Hallam, Mr. T. Hook, Mr. Hudson Gurney, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Milman, Mr. Amyot, Mr. Macready, Mr. Babbage, Mr. Cartwright, Mr. Christie, Mr. G. Rennie, Messrs. T. and W. Tooke, Mr. D. Pollock, Mr. Gray, Mr. Halliwell, Mr. Britton, Mr. H. Horne; Drs. Buckland, Copeland, Ure, A. T. Thomson, Arnott, Scudamore, Tweedie, &c.; Surgeon R. Liston; Colonel Sykes, Colonel Leake; Major Sabine; Captain Denham; Lieut. Holman (the blind traveller); and in the arts, Wilkie, Phillips, Pickersgill, Stanfield, Roberts, McClise, Wyon, Brockedon; and many others, equally distinguished in the cultivation of those pursuits which adorn and improve a nation. The affability and intelligence of their noble entertainer seemed to be communicated to the mass, and it was very gratifying to observe the frankness and absence of ceremony with which information was sought and given respecting the novelties to be seen in the rooms, as well as in the interchange of the courtesies of polite society. Among the matters exhibited were the admirable model of a lighthouse by Captain Denham; the model of a suspension-bridge, with a new application of the suspenders; many specimens of photogenic and daguerrotype productions (including a miniature portrait); a curious Chinese shirt, very like a fishing-net; and some artificial flowers beautifully executed. It was past midnight before the party broke up from the lower room, where wines, ices, coffee, tea, and other refreshments, were abundantly supplied; and we believe that there was but one sentiment on the occasion, after a grateful feeling to the noble host for the manner in which he has given these entertainments, viz. that if his popular example were followed by thirty or forty of our men of high station, patrons of science, arts, and literature, it would tend in no small degree to promote, not merely the social harmony which ought to exist among them, but the honour, prosperity, and exaltation of England.

THE DRAMA.

Covent Garden.—Yesterday week, Mr. Kemble closed his performances with *Hamlet*: we

had rather it had been something else. We (and we say so with humility) differ from this high authority in his idea and reading of the character, which we accordingly never thought one of his happiest conceptions. On Friday, it was graceful and polished; and in some parts, feeling and effective. But withal the play lagged heavily along; and, notwithstanding the paeiries which we see so generally bestowed upon its representation by the press, we are disposed to believe that few of the audience were more than partially pleased when it ended, after more than three hours spent in the acting.

VARIETIES.

Gothic Architecture.—At a meeting of the Architectural Society of Oxford, a paper 'On Gothic Architecture' (as we see from the 'Cambridge Chronicle') was read by the Rev. W. Sewell, of Exeter College, which offered the following remarks, the force of which we think will be generally felt:—"He observed that no religious mind could hesitate for a moment in what style to build a church: in any other style our ideas could only be associated with theatres, or with heathen temples, while Gothic architecture we could associate with nothing but Christianity; and the more deeply we enter into it, the more we shall be impressed with the fervent piety and strong religious feeling of those who designed our Gothic churches. Every religion has had, and must necessarily have, an architecture of its own, impressed with its own character. Thus the Egyptian, the Greek, the Hindu, or the Chinese, each conveys to us the idea of the religion which it embodied; and in the same manner Gothic architecture is essentially Christian and Catholic in its true and proper sense—the errors and superfluities of Romanism are no more essential to it than they are to true Christianity. No one can enter into St. Paul's Cathedral with the same feelings with which he enters Westminster Abbey; nor will all the magnificence of St. Peter's at Rome impress the mind with the same mysterious sense of religious awe which is experienced in York Minster."

Alexander Nasmyth, Esq.—We have to record the death of this father of the Fine Arts in Scotland, who departed on the 10th inst., at a patriarchal age. He must have been nearly ninety years old, and was not only eminent himself, but the exemplar and teacher of many members of the Scottish School who have distinguished themselves as artists.

The South London Horticultural Society, at their first exhibition at the Horns Tavern, Kennington, on Thursday, had a very beautiful show of exotics. The early-forced azalias, auriculas, hyacinths, &c. &c., were magnificent. Mr. Coutts and Mr. Fairbairn obtained the large silver medals, and other competitors the smaller ones.

The Exchequer Records.—Some of these stray documents were on Wednesday submitted to sale by Mr. Leigh Sotheby. They were from the age of Henry VIII. to George III. and brought considerable prices—one order of Privy Council as much as 3*l.* 15*s.* An account of the charges for entertaining Rubens, February 1626, was among these curious relics.

Railroad Speed.—An experiment was tried a few days since on the railroad to Reading, with wheels of less diameter than hitherto, and for two miles the speed attained was at the rate of fifty-six miles an hour—nearly a mile per minute!

Roman Antiquities.—Recently on removing a cairn, which looked like an accidental heap of stones, on the top of one of the Laumermuir

hills, a square trough of hewn stones was discovered, in which a number of terra cotta urns, filled with ashes, &c., were deposited. They are in perfect preservation, and indicate the spot of ancient Roman sepulture.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Scenes in Italy.—We hear that Mr. Brockedon has far advanced towards publishing a series of views in this beautiful country; remarkable for their classical, historical, and picturesque interest. The subjects are selected from the portfolios and sketch-books of many artists and travellers, who have left to his choice, and confided to his care, the selection of such subjects as would suit his intended work. These will, of course, be acknowledged in the drawings for the engravings. The descriptions and superintendence are by Mr. Brockedon, whose work on the Alps, and others of the same genre, lead us to hope for a work of great popularity and interest, which will increase his already distinguished reputation in this class of publication. The work is to be engraved in line, and published in parts.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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April.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 2	From 31 to 55	29.59 to 29.81
Friday 3	36 .. 49	29.93 .. 29.93
Saturday ... 4	25 .. 49	29.90 .. 29.90
Sunday 5	29 .. 55	29.97 .. 29.92
Monday ... 6	32 .. 55	29.77 .. 29.58
Tuesday ... 7	29 .. 52	29.48 .. 29.79
Wednesday 8	35 .. 46	29.09 .. 30.04

Wind, north-east on the 2d and following day; north on the 4th, north-west on the 5th, south-west on the 6th, north-west on the 7th, and north on the 8th.

On the 2d and three following days, clear; on the 6th and two following days, generally cloudy; rain fell on the 6th and 7th; a little hail fell at times during the 8th.

Rain fallen, .11 of an inch.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have only time to notice, this holy and holiday week, the reception, at late hours, of "The Life and Correspondence of Sir S. Romilly," the autobiographical portion of which, contained in the first volume, we have perused with much interest—the first part of Mr. John Wright's valuable contribution to our parliamentary history in Sir H. Cavendish's report of the debates of the hitherto unreported House, between May 1760, and June 1774;—Mr. J. Scott Bowerbank's first part of a great geological desideratum, viz. "A History of the Fossil Fruits and Seeds in the London Clay," with an immense number of engravings;—"The Maid's Husband";—and we believe Mr. T. Hook's new novel of "Precept and Practice."

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